Fightin' Through

NELLIE REVELL

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BY

NELLIE REVELL
AUTHOR OF *"Right Off the Chest"*

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Fightin' Through
— *B* —
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To my friend

IRVIN S. COBB

WHOSE RELIGION IS KINDNESS TO
HIS FELLOWMAN, I AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATE THIS HUMBLE BOOK

FOREWORD

THE greater part of my last book, "Right Off the Chest," was written while I was still in the hospital. Though I had convinced myself that I could fight my way back to health, there were many reasons why I hesitated to expound fully my beliefs on how the battle should be conducted. One of them was the lack of tangible evidence that my system was working, for I was still in the hospital and it seemed that I might continue to be there until the Grim Reaper released me.

Before "Right Off the Chest" went finally to press I did leave the room where I had lived through four years of pain and monotony and, through the kindness of my publisher, I was able to add another chapter to tell of my victory. But by then the book was in such form that I could not make any other changes and it went upon the bookstore shelves containing but a promise of the psychological truths I had established through my experiments in the laboratory of a pain-racked mind.

Only a few short weeks after its most kind reception by press and public I began to get letters from afflicted people in many parts of the

world. The letters turned from a trickle into a flood, all congratulating me on my triumph and asking me for the details of the method I had used to gain a re-entrance into the world of love, life and laughter. This interest in my formula is my inspiration for this book, which is a full and complete explanation of my philosophy on how to win out against an ailing body and a twisted soul.

If it be of aid to one solitary human being who is going through the special hell of illness, then my four years of experimenting and the time I have devoted to putting the data gained thereby into readable shape have not been wasted. I feel, too, that it should convince anyone who has health, a home to go to, a job to work at, and friends to love and be loved by, that the world owes them nothing.

And now, if three wishes are permitted me, one is that those nurses, who administered to my wants so untiringly and who have graduated by this time, may read these following chapters. They will understand then why I was so insistent on having things done my own way. And that the dear sister who was in charge of the floor on which I had my room, may see these lines, also, and come to know why at times I seemed so implacable about little things that perhaps did not fit exactly in with hospital routine. And last, but not least, that my friends who possibly have

found the spirit they applauded in the sick woman turned into "willful stubbornness" in the convalescent, may realize that it is only the logical working out of the system that has brought me this far toward recovery. If ever I have offended any one of them in jot or tittle, I hope they will forgive me. I am still just Fightin' Through.

NELLIE REVELL.

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Part One:

FIGHTIN' THROUGH

Part One

FIGHTIN' THROUGH

TIME and geography are great modifiers. We Americans do not consider it very good taste for a man to have several wives at the same time. Yet in Old Testament days it was not only permitted but looked upon as a duty, and even now there are countries where a man with only a couple of wives to his credit is looked upon as a slacker. Some peoples worship their parents and ancestors; some put the old folks out of the way as soon as their working days are over. We consider girl babies very lovely and cherish them, but in some countries they are (or were) thrown to the crocodiles.

War used to be considered holy; Spartan youths were trained to endure all kinds of self-inflicted torture; Indians believed the strength of their slain enemies entered into themselves. And at one time submissiveness was the highest form of virtue and the "Patient Griselda" type of woman was the most virtuous.

Meekness was practiced by Christian martyrs, but it seemed only to make the persecutors the more brutal. If one of those early saints had suddenly risen up, approached the Lord High Tor-

turer and demanded, "How do you get that way?" ancient manners might have been modified. But religion today does not mean that one should lie down as spineless as a worm and let the blows of fate rain on a mass of quivering submission; neither does fighting through mean that one should stride up and down his corner lot trying to kill or maim anyone who interferes with his pleasure.

Fighting through is a thoroughly American virtue and deals not with the other fellow but with your own self.

DOWN, PERHAPS—BUT NEVER OUT

NO real, red-blooded American admits that a thing is so bad that it could not possibly be worse. Should he do that he would already be listening to the "nine, ten and out" count of the referee. The "Fightin' Through" man says, "Yes, things are pretty bad, but they could be a lot worse and before they have a chance to get worse I am going to dig in and make them better." He may not know at first how to begin, but he will soon see that the place is in his own heart. He will feel the pulse of his courage; take the temperature of his temper; give his patience some setting-up exercises; test the strength of his morale; and chart the assets of his ego. And then the fight is half won.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

THE fighting complex is a little hard on patients at times, but it is the only one of the recently discovered "exes" that registers with me. The creed of "You may be lying down but you can still fight," is a fine one to hang in place of "God Bless Our Hospital." I don't mean just fighting the visible foes that hover around the sick bed, but that mental illness, "Self-pity," that has put its signature on many a death certificate. Self-pity, that old man of the sea, who creeps up between the shoulder blades, is the most dangerous foe encountered in a patient's progress. If he is overthrown, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred for recovery, but it is a mistake to think that one battle will finish him. It takes one for every time he shows his head. There is not a minute of the day that he is not lying in ambush, waiting for the first sign of weakness in the suit of armor. He is such an unfair foe, too! Each time he gets a nasty thrust through a chink in the coat of mail means the patient must retreat a step. But when the balance is on the other side there is no limit to the advances the sick person can make.

One of the tested recipes for shaking off Self-pity goes like this: Take one sick person. Have him put a spiritual reef in an imaginary belt, look around with two real eyes for one nice, clean scrap that might be waiting and stir things vigor-

ously. Anyone can find a chip if he looks for it, for there is one on almost every shoulder, and all one needs to do is flick it off carelessly, nonchalantly as it were. After that the only thing remaining is to count the casualties and emerge with the spirit "bloody but unbowed."

AN INVENTORY

MY first three years in the hospital showed no progress at all. My general condition, perhaps, had got better, due to plenty of rest and quiet, regular hours and sane eating, but the condition that had originally been responsible for my illness seemed—at least to me—to be very little improved.

From having been a high-powered, high-salaried, dynamic, successful executive, I had been suddenly transformed into a physical and financial bankrupt and the insolvency showed no signs of being cleared up. I had always been known as a good fighter, but the strength that had carried me through mountains of work; the endurance which had held during all the stresses and strains of business; and the courage that had brought triumph out of difficult undertakings, all were vanished.

When they carried me to the hospital in an ambulance and on a stretcher, dumped me on a

fracture board and left me there to vegetate, I could not so much as feed myself. I had been shellshocked in the battle of life. In those early days of illness I drooped like any sick cockatoo on its perch. The knowledge that I was a pretty sick woman overwhelmed me. I allowed myself to be pushed from pillow to pillow. It wasn't a question of just obeying doctor's orders, for that is what every sick soldier learns to do. It was that my will had become weak along with my back. I wasn't even like the fellow who "had a weak mind but a strong back." I was getting to the point where everything was weak.

The money saved and invested during harvesting years so that when the harvest was over, the independence which had always been mine should continue—this also was swept away through unfortunate ventures. I was mentally dazed, crushed, suffering agonies of pain. The bottom had dropped out of my old world and left me lost in a new world of torment. It may have been that the very physical torture which seemed so unendurable was the counter-irritant that saved my mind from brooding over financial calamity. Pain is an exacting master and demands absolute attention. A short-circuited spinal column leaves no time for mourning over a devastated fortune.

This physical suffering was the first thing that had ever dominated me in my life. It was the

first time I had ever been helpless—unable to battle with a situation. Pain had made a slave of me. It later proved that Pain was only my first master—the one leading the parade—but he had got in his deadly teachings of submission so that those who followed had a comparatively easy task.

During the intervals when Pain was not in the ascendancy, my second master—an unlined Purse—got in more sanguinary work. I could only think—"Who am I to say what I will or will not do? Now is the time to cease hostilities, run up a flag of truce and surrender to the inevitable."

The procession that dominated me grew longer and longer and I began to feel as though I didn't dare think I was alive unless someone told me I could. I was like the Irish bricklayer who fell from a scaffolding at the fourth story, making the sidewalk his first stop. Pat, his fellow workman, hurried down the ladder and pushed his way through the crowd that had gathered. When he reached his friend, the doctor was just saying, "Yes, he's dead." Whereupon Mike sat up and objected, "I'm not dead."

Pat pushed him gently down again and rebuked him, "Howld yer tongue! He's the doctor an' knows best."

ONLY A CHORE

DOING one's duty has little thrill in it and where there is no thrill human energies are apt occasionally to flag. That fact was brought home to me in the hospital and I realized before long that I was no inspiration to my nurses. Orthopedic cases, like mine, produce few thrills. A fever, pneumonia, an operation, where recovery is a matter of weeks, not years; where the nurse has to be on tiptoe every second, watching for some sudden change; where the battle is short and the victory spectacular—that is the sort of nursing that brings excitement and keen interest. The chronic who is "in" for a long term of years stands for an endless succession of small details, faithfully performed, day after day.

It is just the difference between baking a luscious cake where every ingredient must be measured, and the temperature of the oven taken and the cake removed at just the right second—and washing up the dishes and pans afterward. I was as uninteresting to myself and my nurses as a sink full of soiled dishes; I was a chore, not an inspiration. Irvin S. Cobb was right when he said, "Familiarity with suffering breeds contempt for the sufferer."

REACHING OUT FOR SUNSHINE

EVEN from such simple things as flowers one learns that those who fight the hardest live the longest. The bower-like appearance of my room proved that my friends believed in sending flowers while I was still alive and not in waiting for the funeral. I found health and happiness in the lovely blossoms that bloomed and withered by my bedside. Flowers mean much more to some people than to others. The way a nurse arranged them, gave them fresh water and tended them showed whether or not she loved them, yet no amount of care and tenderness from the nurse could keep them from fading and dying.

At first the sight of a wilted flower irritated me and I impatiently would request its removal.

"Take them out," I would say. "You would not let me stay here if I were dead and I will not have anything dead in here, either. Take them out!"

Many baskets of flowers drooped and faded and as I watched them day after day I began to be touched by their helplessness. They could not move from a dark corner into the light, nor if the sun were too hot, into a cooler spot; they could not get a drink of fresh water when they were thirsty; they were absolutely dependent on

the care of someone else—just as I was. More so, for when the nurse did not have time to refill their vase, they could not ring frantically for a drink as I could.

Some flowers were sturdy and lived long; others were frail and passed quickly. Some seemed full of fight and vitality and strength and others were passive and submitted to fate without a struggle. Gradually there grew up a sympathy between my beautiful flowers and myself. For some there was admiration; for others pity, amounting almost to real sorrow. Some filled me with buoyancy, others brought depression.

One day the message was revealed while I lay watching a basket of proud, flaunting carnations. They had their heads up and past experience proved that no matter how close to death they were their heads were never bowed.

"What makes you so limpsy?" one big, self-sufficient fellow seemed to be saying to me. "Why don't you raise your head up and look the whole world in the face the way I do? If you have to die, then die with your head up; and if you are going to live, face the world with faith and courage. Even if your physical backbone is weak, you can strengthen your mental backbone. God has given me a good, thick stem; but He has given you brains and the power to reason. Common sense is your stem. If a flower can

face adversity with its head up, why shouldn't you do the same?"

A sunbeam crept toward the gorgeous blossom and the carnation looked as though it were reaching out for the sunshine. It dawned upon me that I had not been reaching out for the light; that my head had been bowed; that I had not faced the whole world; that my mental stem had been bending.

If a flower could fight back, so could I.

THE TURNING POINT

THIRTY-SIX long months of submission. Days and nights of hospital routine. Faithful adherence to rules and regulations. The subordination of myself to others. All these things had been as so many chisels splintering away the rock of my personality.

There had been no tears, no protests. Patiently I had endured the blows of misfortune, while the old determination to maintain a foothold on the pathways of life swiftly became a faded memory. I was an invalid, my will power and force of character buried beneath a mountain of submissiveness.

When I checked myself up and looked over the statement of my health, usefulness and happiness, I found it was not one to be proud of and

I resolved to change things at once—at least to make a beginning.

"A Shrine of Patience" was the name applied to my hospital room during those first three years of my illness. Ministers preached sermons on my fortitude. Throughout the country newspapers carried large and laudatory accounts of my cheerfulness in the face of suffering; pages were devoted to the woman who met adversity with a smile, all of which made fine reading. They likened me unto a martyr. Yet for all the cheer and encouragement that the world strewed in my pathway, I made little improvement physically until I learned that there were times when I had to put that smile in cold storage and face the foe grimly.

It was a lesson I learned from watching others as well as by analyzing my own experiences. When first I went to the hospital, a little girl had a room on the same floor near mine. She was referred to by the whole hospital staff as an angel, a martyr, the sweetest soul in all the world. Yet she lay there and day by day got worse.

Across the hall from me was another patient, a sweet old lady who had been there seven years when I arrived. Each morning she had to be lifted from her bed into a wheel chair and there she sat patiently the whole day, saying her rosary,

until someone could come to put her back to bed. She had few visitors, but the hospital attachés all loved her. She was spoken of as "a saint if there ever was one." Never did I hear of her resenting anything or refusing to accept whatever was handed out to her. But when I departed from the hospital I left her there, no whit better than she had been when I came.

Among the other friends I made there was a Franciscan nun who came as near being one of "God's perfect children" as any one I have ever known. She had the same ailment that afflicted me and under its rackings she was patient, submissive, tender and gentle. But she died.

I was gaining knowledge of how the body reacts to the working of the mind by observing all these things and I came to the conclusion that if patience and submissiveness were fatal then the opposite must be equally effective as a remedy. And I began to fight back, to resent the things I did not like and to express my preference and my insistence on the things I did like.

At the very beginning of this I heard that it was cowardly to be so full of the fighting spirit when I knew that people would restrain their inclination to reply in kind in deference to my illness. That may have been so. But I would rather be a living coward than a dead hero. I wanted to live.

"Listen to me," I told myself. "Nobody could

dominate you when you were well. But look at you now! A 'Yesser,' an echo, a meek and submissive invalid. For three years you have not had a new thought or impulse in your brain. It has done you no good and any change cannot help being for the better. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Get busy and stop being a namby-pamby both inside and out. I know —I know—you feel awfully bad in your bones but that doesn't mean you need let your mind go to pieces, too. Where is your spirit of don't-give-up? Are you going to let an affected spine affect your mind, your spirit as well as your body? You had better S.O.S. the remnant of that regiment of 'wills and won'ts' that used to be part of your makeup and see if they won't help you win the hardest battle you have ever faced."

Three long years I had been seeking a cure in medicines, treatments and casts. But I was still on my back, for it had not dawned on me until then that the only remedy was within, not outside, myself. I knew after that period of mental exploration that I had put in mothballs the one thing I needed to get well. It was a fighting personality. I had no intent to desert or to mutiny. But I began to see that it was my ship which was sailing either into a safe harbor or else upon the rocks and that my place was at the helm.

The decision came to me, full formed, and I

announced it to the nurse who had come to replenish my water bottle.

"Eureka!" I exclaimed.

"Eureka?" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"You'll know soon enough," I told her.

It was my declaration of war, my avowal that like Paul Jones I was nailing my flag to the mast and had just begun to fight. It was a command for my will to open fire on all those forces within and without me which had retarded my recovery.

"Resist!" became my battle cry. Resistance to all black thought, to all fear, to all domination, to any force that might corrode the will power. I realized, however, that mere resistance to the forces crushing me was not enough. So I limbered up the long unused muscles of my mind; set my imagination whirring and like a dynamo it began to generate a current of reviving thoughts. The present no longer enslaved me. My memory brought back those vivid, colorful days of the past which had seemed so far behind.

That was the secret! To escape from the confining present and beat a path back to the times now flown. Just the bare thought of myself as the happy and prosperous publicist in the centre of the White Way's whirligig worked wonders. The memory of what I once had been helped me get back into character, even though I lay upon a fracture board in a hospital bed. It was a veri-

table elevator, lifting my spirits from the dark basement to the roof of the skyscraper into the full light of the rising sun.

Then and there I determined to leave the hospital by the front door and not by the rear, if fighting through would do it for me. Exactly twelve months later I did depart from the hospital and since this book was not written through a spirit medium, the reader may guess the door through which I made my exit.

I have proved that the creed of "Fightin' Through" is a success, that any other leads to failure. And that is why it is the dominant note in this—the story of a woman's battle upward on the steep and tortuous path to recovery.

THE FIRST VOLLEY

THE opportunity to test out my newly recruited shock troops came that very day. It was lovely outside and it seemed that everyone in the world but myself would have his best handkerchief tucked in his coat pocket and be strolling along under heaven's sunshine; and I, who had not seen the sun nor the sidewalks for three years, was wishing I could drop my aching body and float out into the glorious air. Old Self-pity was aiming a dart at me.

As I felt the underlip of my courage beginning to quiver, a nurse came in with my luncheon tray.

From it she took a plate bearing a lamb chop, cut the meat into bits and put the plate upon my chest. I took one bite.

"Nurse," I complained, "this chop is cold."

She reached over, felt the plate and then replied in a firm tone:

"The plate is nice and hot."

"Perhaps so," I countered, "but who gave you authority to put hot plates on my diet list? I don't want a hot plate—I want a hot chop."

As I watched her she seemed to be gathering herself together for one of those "Nurse and Patient" special features I had been submitting to for so long. I did not hesitate. My hand reached out for the tray on the stand by my bed and a quick shove sent dishes and chop crashing to the floor. The nurse withdrew her wounded dignity, but the noise of splintering china brought to me the nun who reigned supreme upon our floor. To her I explained the matter and by that time everything was all right again. I had made Self-pity walk the plank and I had put my new creed to a successful test. I had learned that when one has a good scrap on his hands he has no time to feel sorry for himself.

From that time on I insisted on getting all that was due me. If my bed was not exactly as it should be, I protested. If I did not approve of the manner in which my hands were washed, I said so. I considered my day highly successful

if—my feeding tube was held in just one special way—if my teeth were brushed up and down instead of around—if they used a round wash rag instead of a square one—if my face was given proper consideration as it was washed, for after all it was the only face I had—if the water was not too cold or not too hot. I took advantage of every chance to build up my will power and as a consequence I became known as a "kicker." I was not popular with the hospital staff, but the important thing is that I recovered. After all, who wants to win a popularity contest in a hospital?

Resist—resist—resist! That is the secret of fighting through, whether it be against disease, poverty or disaster. The moment a man concedes a point when he knows he is right, that moment he weakens his morale, diminishes his will power and invites further indignities at the hands of fate.

THE DANGER LINE

IT was not because I liked it that I fought. It was because I did not dare not to fight. The line of least resistance is much easier for the sick to follow and it is far more dangerous. It has been proved over and over again that our will to live conquers the most hopeless case. If the desire goes from us, our name is already upon a tombstone. The poet writes it thus:

Courage is not just to bare one's bosom to the sabre thrust,
Alone in daring;
Courage is to grieve, to have the hurt, and make the world believe
You are not caring.
Courage does not lie alone in dying for a cause. To die
Is only giving.
Courage is to feel the daily daggers of life's relentless steel,
And keep on living.

—*Selected.*

Never before have I tried to put my creed into type. But Henley made an approach to it when he said that each one of us must be the captain of his soul, steering the craft through life as best he can. If we are wrecked on the rocks in the midst of a full and active career, one of two things happens to us; either we become the prey of every one else's will—or we fight back.

Just ordinary scrapping was the medium I used to keep my sanity and self-respect. During a row I could almost see thoughts like these going through the mind of my opponent of the moment —"What under heaven's blue sky is she making such a row over nothing for? What difference does it make whether the frills on her nightgown are starched or not?" or "Why does she fuss so over the latest fashion in the length of window shades?" or any one of the hundreds of small things with which the invalid creates a little world

of her own and on its highest battlement keeps up the desperate struggle to hold the fort.

When a child laboriously builds a shining city out of blocks and it is carelessly stepped on by big brother or dad and his pet car barn is demolished, he becomes furious and is chided with, "Don't be a baby. You can always rebuild it." The grown-up doesn't seem to understand that to the child that particular city can never be recreated and that anything that takes its place cannot be half so shining. It was not just a block that was stepped on, it was an idea that has been treated lightly.

The invalid is like the child, for he carefully builds up a shining city of minor things. To him they are as important as any question to be settled by the League of Nations, and the performing of each little ceremony is many times the only excuse he has for living.

Life to the active is lived mostly on the crest of the wave, but the sick are rocked in the hollows, and the deadly monotony of the thinking mind, steeped in pain, would prove too much in many instances if it were not for the pet hobbies. They are life-savers and the more of them the invalid can collect the surer he is of recovery. But Heaven help the poor nursing girl! The patient with a few pet foibles can take more starch out of an undergraduate's cap than twenty-two epidemics. If the patient happens to have a bit

of temperament and a good memory this is especially true, but it is safe to say that the notation on the bottom of his chart ultimately will be, "Patient discharged. Cured."

In sickness that old adage, "The spirit is strong but the flesh is weak," should be corrected to read, "If the spirit is strong, the flesh cannot help but get well." When a patient is in his worst tantrums he is fighting hardest and if he gives way an inch then he will lose yards that it will take him weeks to retrace.

AUTHORITY

THE succession of nurses on general service who take care of those patients who cannot afford a special nurse are young, many of them away from home for the first time, homesick and just a little bit afraid. But that is all forgotten when the uniform is donned. It makes the greatest difference in their outlook. It is so clean and stiff and fearless and it makes them know that at last they really are persons of authority. Some of them face responsibility for the first time in their lives. Their heads are so full of "Do" and "Don't" that it is remarkable that they remember as much as they do.

None of this, however, means anything to the patient. The most important thing in his world is that he is fighting desperately for life and he

feels that the minutest detail of his special existence is worth writing a novel about. I often used to wonder what would happen if our foibles and hobbies were treated with more tolerance and tact when we seem particularly hard to handle. What would happen if the nurse humored the seemingly foolish notion that our mind is bent on exploiting at this particular moment? If, instead of opposition, she gave us agreement, might it not help us both? After all, those little spurts of querulousness spend themselves quickly and yet are of the greatest assistance in keeping alive the self-respect of the sick person.

If the nurse could only realize that stretched out in front of her lies a raw and bleeding ego, that never had previously asked aid from a living soul, but was now dependent on her strong arms to turn the aching body from side to side! Stripped of pride and tortured with pain, is it any wonder that, if they are to keep their personality and individuality, they must growl and fret over tiny clouds on the white-washed horizon of their hope? If they submerge their will and fold their hands and let the strong, quick, keen, young minds, as well as the strong arms, dominate them entirely, they are letting someone else carry on the fight they must make themselves. And getting what you want is not a job you can relegate to anyone but yourself.

Probably the care of the outer man is so en-

grossing that it causes many nurses to lose sight of the inner man and to forget that it is the inner man who will win the battle for their patient. The average person hates dependency and when he is sick and helpless the only way he can prove his dislike is by the very show of aggressiveness that is occasionally annoying to those who are caring for him.

When a patient is convinced that he cannot help mentally or physically in getting himself well, he snaps his fingers spiritually and says, "Oh, what's the use of trying?" This may account for many of the suicide notices, ending, "He was suffering from ill health."

There is always hope for the "fussers."

VIVE L'OPERATION

OF course I don't advocate throwing dishes on the floor or abusing nurses. That would be neither polite nor politic. But it would help if all nurses could catch the viewpoint of the patient. Since the patient constitutes their livelihood and their chief interest in the world, it would make it easier for everyone all around if that important person were kept soothed and in a good humor so far as that is in the power of the nurse.

The president of the Academy of Medicine of New York once said to me that in his opinion the course of study of every doctor and nurse

should include at least one operation. By being sick themselves they would be better able to appreciate why this patient is unable to sleep; that one is nauseated by certain medicines; another wants her baths just so; why the one in the room at the end of the hall wants the bottom of her glass wiped off before it is handed to her; why another insists on having a napkin or handkerchief with which to wipe her mouth after she has taken a fluid. Having gone through it themselves, they would understand the thousand and one little quirks of temperament that illness brings to the surface of human nature.

Doctors have always found me a staunch adherent. I am for them—right or wrong. I hope, of course, that they are right, but whichever they are I am for them. I have even said a prayer for them—

> When I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my doctors keep
> My constitution free from bile,
> So I can wake up with a smile.

But it does not hurt even doctors to travel a ways down the canyon of sickness since it aids them to guide others down the same trails. Several have told me that after having had a session on the operating table themselves they have been far better physicians. In the medical school they had learned only about the body, but on the op-

erating table they had learned about the soul.

The nurses' sick room at the hospital was just across the hall from mine. I saw nurses when they were well, when they were ill and when they had recovered and it is my opinion that the best nurses were those who had come through that ordeal.

There is a way to wisdom and it lies through learning something every day from the experiences of that day. The best lessons are taught by misfortune, for there is no such thing as free tuition in the University of Life.

Thus, when I express here the hope that every doctor and nurse will have at least one operation early in their career, I trust they will not think I am wishing ill luck upon them. I merely believe that patients should have the best physicians and the best nurses that there can possibly be. And that is one way to make them the best.

AN ASSIGNMENT

THERE is no need to apologize for the possession of the "Fightin' Through" spirit. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and it is divinely implanted in our beings. Thus the battle to get well I have regarded as an assignment, as such things are called in newspaper circles, one given me by the Great City Editor and one I meant to stick to until I got the story or

the "Chief" called me in. Since I was willing to trust my soul to God for all eternity I felt I would be a poor sport were I afraid to trust Him with this chunk of clay for the few short years we spend on earth.

But I am not foolish enough to think I won the fight alone—it was His mercy and the result of many prayers. I know it was through the skill of Doctor Sayre, but I know, too, that he was but a tool in the Master's hands.

I prayed often for the strength to resist and prayed always with the belief that my petitions would be granted. Our prayers come true only when we believe they will. Others prayed for me also, intimate friends, friends I had met only once or twice, friends I had never met at all. Some offered up their prayers in this creed, some in that. Some prayed like Katie, the quaint pantry maid at the hospital. On the night before an operation, she came into my room.

"So you're going up in the morning?" she inquired. (Going up meant to the operating room.)

"Yes, Katie," I murmured. "Will you say a prayer for me?"

"Indeed I will, ma'am," was her reply. "I'll pray like hell for you."

No matter how those prayers were uttered, no matter what name was over the door of the church where they were offered, they all came true. I brought the story back. I beat the deadline.

TH' GOIN'S HARD

WHEN the poet wrote the lines below he did more than merely build a few rhymed verses. He outlined a philosophy.

Th' goin's hard when you're down an' out,
With never a helpin' hand
T' grasp your own, as you grope about,
With no one t' understand;
Th' road is hard an' th' road is long,
You hunger for just th' glow
Of a friendly face or a cheery song—
Th' goin' is hard, I know.

But there's somethin' down in th' depth o' you,
Somethin' that burns an' sears,
Somethin' that sort o' helps you through,
Somethin' that stops your tears;
It points th' way through th' heavy night,
An' it whispers in accents low;
"You'll win—you must—if your heart is light,
But th' goin' is hard, I know."

Then you set your jaw an' you clench your fist,
An' you breathe with your head held high,
While you search around for th' chance you missed,
T' give it another try;
An' you put your shoulder against th' wheel,
Your life in your sluggin' blow,
An' you smash your way with a will o' steel.
Oh, th' goin' is hard, I know.

At last you come t' th' open road,
  Th' day that was lost is won;
Peace deserved is your heart's abode,
  Its light is th' dawnin' sun;
You won your fight by yourself you think.
  Poor fool! 'Twill be ever so.
'Twas God who turned you from Failure's brink,
  When th' goin' was hard, you know.

—Dayton Wegefarth.

THE LOOPHOLE

BUT even knocking chips from convenient shoulders cannot and does not occupy one's whole day, and lucky is the invalid who can find some task to set himself to, some loophole of hobby or business through which his mind can escape from the monotonous dungeon of torture. My recovery dated from my resolve to fight back. There is no doubt about that. But almost at that same moment I was getting into my stride once more as the writer of a column for *Variety,* the theatrical weekly.

Even though I had to write it with a pencil that was tied to the bedpost with a string and on a pad laid on my chest, my mind was no longer confined within the bounds of the hospital. Once more I was the personality of olden days—the days when I handled the publicity for nine New York shows at the same time, the days when I was in the very swing of the great business world.

My changed mental state did not do away with or even numb the pain. The X-Ray at that time showed my condition still to be acute. I endured quite as much as before physically; but already I could see the lights of Times Square gleaming in the evening sky. I had reached the turning of that long and pain-paved road and that weekly column of type was the visible sign of all for which I was longing and praying and fighting.

THE "YES MAN"

THE "Yes Man" is the jellyfish of humanity. Soft and spineless, he drifts on the waters of life and like his stinging, deep-sea kin, he gives those who know him an unpleasant sensation. There is this difference, however. The human jellyfish stings himself more than he does others.

Servility is not service. The man who makes a habit of "yessing" the other fellow in the mistaken idea that he is being polite is digging the grave of his own independence. No matter how humble one's task may be, he does it with his head up and his brain alive. Echoes never say nor think anything new: "yessers" are just echoes and echoes grow weaker and weaker until they finally fade out.

The man or woman who has no opinions of his own, or, having them, does not voice them, is not as he imagines a diplomat. He is merely

playing the part of a shadow. And shadows never make their presence felt in the game of life.

It may be the safe thing to agree with the boss, although we know he is wrong. It may be an evidence of kindness not to reprove the cook for repeatedly burning the soup.

It may be . . .

But it isn't.

Every time we "yes" someone as the lesser of two evils, we cut down our power of resistance. And this to human character is the equivalent to weakening the acid in a battery or reducing too greatly the steam pressure in a boiler.

I am not casting aspersions on one of the fundamentals of the Pollyanna spirit, which, after all, is only the application of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." It is all right to turn the other cheek provided you have landed a knockout punch on your adversary in the meantime!

But the outward expression of Pollyannaism has come to be, "There is nothing so bad it could not be worse." That is true but so also is the reverse. There is never anything so good that it could not be better.

In that sentence is expressed the axiom responsible for every great invention, every great deed of heroism, every successful battle against misfortune and illness, every forward step in the

history of the individual and the race. The post of honor in the van of civilization has been held, not by those whose motto is "Let well enough alone," but by the aggressive leaders who knew that what we had was good and knew, too, that it could be much better.

Not so many years ago Irvin S. Cobb was the highest salaried reporter in New York. He was the "Big Boy" of the metropolitan newspaper world. He could easily have sunk his frame into a swivel chair and exclaimed, "I've reached the top!" But he didn't. He realized there was something bigger even than being New York's star reporter. He knew that nothing is so good that it could not be better. So Irvin S. Cobb set out to prove it. In doing it, he became not only a nationally beloved figure but an American institution and today he is the highest paid magazine writer in the world.

Only a few of us can be leaders of the race, but each of us can be leaders of ourselves, always striving to keep up our resistance against the shoddy and the second rate. Only in that way can we build up the resistance that we need to win the battles life forces upon us. It is more than a mere coincidence that when we say in the vernacular that "a man stands for a thing," we mean that "he falls for it." Any time a person does stand for a thing he knows to be an injustice he does fall, falls in others' estimation and his

own self-respect and morale. And in standing for whatever is handed out to him lies the fatal defect of the Pollyanna devotee.

That permitting others to dominate us entirely wreaks havoc with our body as well as our mind is shown by the great number of former enlisted men of the A. E. F. still in reconstruction hospitals. Proportionately as well as numerically, the enlisted men outnumber tremendously the officers in these hospitals, because their wills have been subjected to a severer strain.

The enlisted personnel of the overseas army, in addition to enduring all the hardships of the officers, were subject to an iron discipline which, although for the good of the service, tended to crush their individualities. They were dominated so long by their superiors in rank that their wills became dormant and now they lack the spirit to fight their way back to health. I firmly believe that if military discipline were relaxed in these army hospitals today and the patients were freed from the sense of being dominated, the majority of them could soon be discharged as cured.

It was a crushed spirit as well as an afflicted spine that kept me in the hospital for four years. Despite all the bouquets, verbal and printed, that have been handed to me, I do not believe that my recovery was a miracle. What is unusual about my case is that I did not leave the hospital sooner.

The physicians and surgeons had applied to me

every known remedy, every known course of treatment, but it was not until I aided them by joining in the fight that my condition began to improve.

When we give in we are actually looking for a chance to condone our own lack of will power and initiative. Sometimes it may take all the fight we have in us to gain our point. Sometimes it may cost us a friend, sometimes make an enemy for us, but no matter what the price we cannot afford not to pay it. Perhaps the matter is only a trifle. But the next day something bigger may crop up and we will not have the power to fight back. It is like a snowball rolling down hill. At the bottom of the hill is financial, physical and mental destruction.

It is not pugilism I advocate, for I have known pugilists who were as weak as cambric tea in resisting temptation and disease. Nor does the resolve never to retreat from a just contention spring from an inferiority complex. Henry Ward Beecher explained the difference when he said that perseverance and obstinacy proceed, one from a strong will, the other from a strong won't.

Nor does it mean that we are never to smile. But there are smiles and smiles. Some of them represent the finest emotions of the soul. Others are just flowers hiding the tombstones of hope.

When we let someone do something unfair to us, we are actually being unjust to them and to

ourselves. No one has a right to usurp the rights of any other person and if we permit anyone to do that we are making a thief of him and a weakling of ourselves.

There is no royal road to a strong will. One cannot be spineless one day and full of resistance the next. Like anything else worth while, will power must be built up bit by bit. In rooting out the things that choke the growth of our will we are like the woodsman who one day sees a tiny sprig of green which has just pushed its way through the surface of the earth. Then he can uproot it with his little finger. A month later he must grasp it with his whole hand. Another month and it is a strain upon the muscles of his arm to pull it out. A year goes by and he must use an axe to cut it down. And before many years have passed the tiny sprig has become a tree which two men may saw at all day before they can make it fall.

Cultivation of our will is an easy thing if we weed out daily the kind of sprouts that ultimately would kill it entirely. If we watch the little things that tend to break down our morale the big things will take care of themselves. Lying abed of cold mornings is a little thing. It is chilly. We are tired. Things can get along at the office without us, we say. But we know we should get up and if we do not we are wrecking our resistance. When we do arise on schedule, despite the cold or

our weariness, we are fighting through. We have won a victory against ourselves, our arch enemy.

We stand on the beach, one foot in the water, shivering and afraid to take the plunge. If we retreat from the reach of the waves, go back to our beach umbrella and the warm sand, we have harmed ourselves. We have conceded a point and the next time it will be just so much harder to go in. But if we dive into the waves in the first place and get the shock over with! How strong we feel mentally, how invigorated physically! And soon it is not an effort at all to take that initial header.

In the stores we often encounter the sales person, man or woman, who is too engrossed in telling Mamie about "the swell time last night," or "where you can get a hat awful cheap" or something equally unimportant, to tend to her job and wait on us. We stand before the counter on one foot, then on the other. It is our right to have her attention. But how many people will walk away, leaving the field to the indifferent clerk! In doing so they have weakened themselves for some greater battle for a much greater stake.

Often when a man has protested in a restaurant against an overcharge, we hear him say after the matter has been adjusted that he did it "not because of the money involved but because of the principle of the thing." The cynics smile at this. But the man is right. He is not a moral coward.

A little thing is just as unfair as a big thing, if it is unfair at all. And he knows that the man who would say "Let it go" in the case of one dollar would be pretty apt to say the same thing in the case of a thousand. He has learned that the only man who succeeds by letting things slide is the sled manufacturer.

It is a well-known fact that the good child can sit in a high chair all day and receive not the slightest attention from anyone. Perhaps they say once in a while, "He's such a good child," or, "He is just the best baby in the world." Yet if you should happen to examine his bottle, the chances are nine out of ten that you would find his milk was cold and he was otherwise neglected, and needed attention. But the bad child that yells all the time! He kicks, screams, bangs his heels on the floor, throws his food around! And he has ma, pa, grandma, grandpa, Uncle Will, Aunt Mary and everyone else in the household jumping hurdles to make him happy.

In citing the bad child I do not mean to imply that we should be unpleasant to others merely because we did not have enough sleep the night before or because we have a headache or because of any one of a hundred things for which we ourselves are to blame. But many times people are inconsiderate of us or hurt us needlessly or fail in their duty and if it is necessary to be the bad child in order to get these things corrected we

should have no compunctions in acting so. To pass over these faults in others reduces our ability to remedy them in ourselves.

Men are more often moral cowards than women. They dread scenes. They agree with their wives and mothers, when they know they are right and their womenfolk are wrong. They yield in little crises because they are afraid of tears, though that very yielding will make it ten times harder for them to say "No" when an important matter is at stake.

There are many little ways of breaking down a husband's resistance besides tears and unpleasantness and recriminations. There is the wife who invites only her own friends to her home and never by any chance extends a welcome to her husband's friends. She accepts engagements for both of them without first consulting him. The car is of her selection. The plays they attend are invariably picked by her. Or if he does take her to a show of his choice she acts bored or disgusted and refuses to admit she liked it. She bosses and orders him around. She criticises and harangues him—always before company—for his habits or his taste in ties or literature or food. She treats him like a child or a servant. Day after day she humiliates him, consciously or unconsciously, in a thousand little ways. Yet she would be horrified were you to question her love for him.

A wife came to see me one day and asked if I

could tell her why her husband had not gone ahead in business, why two men had been promoted over his head. I took a long breath and told her the truth. He loved her too much. She was not a nagging wife, but she had her way of getting whatever she wanted from her husband. It might take a week or a month but finally by dint of a discreet tear or a smothered sigh she broke down his resistance and he gave in to her. That whittling away of his will power was reflected in his business relations. Bit by bit she had taken away from him the very aggressiveness and unyielding qualities he needed to forge through the crowd of mediocrity and gain the top. Some day, perhaps, he will need a great fund of resistance to fight a dread disease. It will be too late, then, to regain it.

The best story I have ever heard to illustrate resistance to the "Let it go" spirit came to me from the dressing room of a New York theatre. Twenty-five years ago two girls danced and sang side by side in the last row of a Broadway musical show. Edna and Maude, we will call them, and both were young and pretty, possessing it seemed about the same equipment for success. But one had an aggressive personality, a nature that seemed to say, "You've got to listen." The other had charm, a sweet submission and hated controversy.

A few months after the opening of the show

it was rumored that one of the girls in the front row of the chorus was leaving. Edna went to the stage manager, asked for the place, convinced him she was entitled to it and got it. Later on her chance came to play a very small part. By some oversight her name was left off the program. She immediately asked that it be put on and kept at it until her persistence won.

The next evening another manager witnessed the show and was attracted by this vivacious little personality. He consulted the program, learned her name and made her an offer for a still better part. From then on she began to climb and her ascent to stardom was meteoric. Still she kept on fighting for her rights. I say her rights because in all the years I have known her I have never heard of her asking for anything she was not entitled to nor concede one single point until she got it. If her billing and advertising did not live up to managerial promises, if her dressing room was not in keeping with her position as a star, she demanded that it be corrected.

Her insistence on her due may have been pretty hard on managers and stage hands but she kept up her morale and developed a personality that strikes right over the glare of the footlights and the blare of the orchestra and becomes entwined with the hearts and minds of the audience. This chorus girl of twenty-five years ago has now reached the half century mark. She admits she

can neither sing nor dance very well, but her name over the entrance will pack any theatre in the land.

I asked her about her dynamic disposition. Her reply was that she did not want to be an also-ran. She was determined to be a star or to get out of the business and to become a star she was going to remove forcibly or otherwise every obstacle that stood in her way. She meant to do her part and to see to it that everyone else did theirs.

She has done it. Today she is the highest salaried star and greatest box office attraction on the stage.

You ask what became of the other girl? Maude is now Edna's maid.

There will be some who will disagree with this philosophy of mine. But he who looks upon life through undistorted lenses must admit that no success has ever been gained, no battle ever won by those who turn the other cheek. Be fair, be kind, be tolerant to all the world. And then you have the right to expect it to be fair to you.

IT'S ALL IN THE THINKING

MODERN warfare has many weapons—so has life. Airplanes, submarines, gas bombs, rapid fire guns, cannons, sailors, infantry, cavalry, are all weapons in the hands of a great general. The greatest conqueror is the one who makes the best use of his equipment. We are not

all fitted for life's battles in the same way, but we all have good serviceable weapons if we but discover what they are, believe in their efficacy and use them well.

Life's battles don't always go
To the strongest or fastest man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

—*Author Unknown.*

PROFESSOR FAILURE

THE admiration that is showered upon those in high places often blinds us to the fact that almost every successful man has met Failure along the road. But this does not mean that Failure stopped him. Defeat has many valuable lessons to teach us and the wise man says, "Good morning, Professor Failure! I'm not exactly glad to see you, but you have told me many things I did not know before; have opened new paths that I did not see; shown me powers in myself that I did not realize I had. So I am not sorry after all to have run into you. I will remember all you have taught me, but I am in a hurry to get along. Good-bye!"

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped.

He entered business, failed and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless business partner.

He fell in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became betrothed—and she died.

He entered politics again and ran for Congress, but was badly beaten.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States land office but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was again badly defeated.

In 1856 he entered the race for the Vice-Presidency but lost once more.

In 1858 he was beaten for the Senate by Douglas.

In none of these instances did he think the game was over. He knew he had merely met Failure. But he was in a hurry to get on so wasted no time in unnecessary "post mortems" and kept on fighting back until he had reached a pinnacle which perhaps has never been surpassed.

He knew that one today in the hand is worth two tomorrows in the bush. Yesterday may have been finer than today and tomorrow may be better than either, but we cannot work with a tool which is lost forever or with one which, as yet, we do not possess. We must use what we have today.

The hits that won last year's ball game won't win those of this year nor will last season's errors cost us this year's pennant. We are not justified in remembering anything about past successes or failures except the lessons they taught which will enable us to go on to this year's victories.

QUITTIN' TIME

QUITTIN' time is when the lazy man, the coward and the shirker lay down their weapons and "take the count." Several years ago a man whom many would have called a down-and-outer arrived in San Francisco on a liner from China. On getting to the city he went to a newspaper office to see if he could sell a story about the East. It was 4,000 words long and he asked only $6 for it.

"Leave it," said the editor, "and I'll look it over and let you know tomorrow."

The impecunious writer was back the next morning early, but the answer was "No." Editors are not always right and "No" is not a quittin' signal for the man who fights through. The story finally found a market and is now included in the widely-circulated collection of the author's writings. Rudyard Kipling, for it was he, did not know what it meant to quit.

THE THREE R'S

WHEN an older person who has had time to form his character and develop his abilities fights back at misfortune we look upon it as something admirable but a thing to be expected from him just the same. But when we see someone who is just stepping out of babyhood into girlhood displaying the indomitable qualities that bring success out of failure it is the most inspiring etching in the picture gallery of real life.

A little friend of mine, Goldie Richardson, wakes up in the morning, but she cannot jump out of bed as other girls do for the body that should be strong, lithe, supple, beautiful, is twisted and disordered. She is badly crippled and cannot help herself. She must wait until her mother can tidy her and bring her breakfast tray. It takes quite some time as her mother has a six months' old baby and several other children, who must be sent off to school.

As Goldie says, "God must agree with me in one thing—that we have a wonderful Mother, for He sends so many babies to our house." Daylight is precious to Goldie for it is so much easier to fight through when it is light. So she goes to work and writes some Spanish sentences in advance for her teacher. She wishes she could do something nice for him. If her father could only afford an automobile so that she could go to school at least

three times a week. But that is an Aladdin's lamp dream for with twelve in the family it takes a lot of "Fightin' Through" to scrape and rake together enough just to keep the household going.

That night she hears over the radio the commencement exercises of her high school and hears all her old classmates graduate. She can't help swallowing a lump as she thinks that she, too, should have been standing up there next to her chum and receiving her diploma. But she winks back her tears, thrusts aside her handicaps and cheers herself with the thought that if she studies hard all summer she may be able to graduate next year. She remembers what she read in a radio magazine—that the three R's have been changed from Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic to Readin', 'Ritin' and Radio.

But she knows that though this may be so in the world of radio, there is a different set in the world of sick people and that they are Resistance, Reaction and Relief. And that the greatest of these is Resistance.

A CHALLENGE TO EDITORS

ONE of my boasts has always been that I am a member of the printer's ink guild, but since I have been put on the subscription list of a certain little paper, I am prouder than ever. It is a tiny four-page sheet, published at Kernan's Hospital

for Crippled Children, in Baltimore, and it is called "Gleanings." Though it deals with what goes on in the hospital, where one has come to expect courage and cheer and whole-souled bravery, only a reading of this paper could convince a person that so much of those qualities is in existence.

The real feature is the editor. Twenty years old this editor—Agnes O'Brien is her name—and in all that time she has never been off her back, never one minute without pain. I challenge any other editor to match her exploit, and it is my opinion that the publishing fraternity is honored by such a journal and such a journalist.

WHAT THE WORLD LOVES

THERE is an old saying that all the world loves a lover—but that, too, is just another of those beautiful fairy tales with which we beguile our lighter moments. Nobody loves a lover, but the one who returns his love and the newspaper men who are on the lookout for a story.

But everybody loves a fighter. When the peace pact is signed, nobody remembers who signed it; it is the general who fought and won the battles who is loved and remembered. The Peace Ship, sailing to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" was a beautiful undertaking; but the ship that is best remembered is the one that carried red-blooded fighting soldiers, who jumped

into the trenches, relieved their weary comrades and carried on the fight to victory.

It is the fighter who reaches the goal, not the man who lets someone else dominate him. Whether he fights mentally, physically or spiritually; whether he fights standing up or flat on his back; whether he fights with words or bombs, it is the fighter who is remembered and loved.

—— OR THE "WOODLAWN GAZETTE"

IN his speech at the Friars' dinner given me when I came out of the hospital, Dr. George D. Stewart, in referring to me, said: "I would not go so far as to say that she never swore at us, but I do say that she never cried at us. Her fighting ability was tremendous, but that is why she is standing where she is today." I responded with the story so popular in vaudeville a decade ago and told about the two men who were bragging of their ancestors.

"My father was at the Battle of Bull Run," boasted one.

"Did he run?" asked the other.

"You can bet he did! Them that didn't is there yet."

That was just the case with my fighting while I was in the hospital. If I hadn't been a good fighter, I would have been there yet—or working on the "Woodlawn Gazette."

Part Two:

THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

Part Two

THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

THE hardest thing about a war is the Reconstruction Period. It is a time of stress and the pains of readjustment are most evident. The soldier who returns to his home town finds many changes in his relations with his fellow citizens. He cannot change them to fit his ways of life; he must alter himself to fit theirs and it is, sometimes, a painful operation.

The discouragements of rebuilding sap the morale and each step forward seems to drag the feet ten steps backward. A long period of illness is just like war—even to what Sherman said about war—and convalescence is the Reconstruction Period.

But in reconstructing a town, the bricks are, at least, being laid one upon another, despite the "red tape" that has to be untied from every last one of them. The progress of a convalescent is like walking in loose sand. It is worse than during the worst of an illness, for then the nerves haven't time to think of anything but just lasting for that particular minute. They are stretched so taut that it seems as though there is never going to be any relaxation. When the bare safety mark is reached and distorted nerve cells go slack—then

is the time we remember that old line of Weber and Fields, "Vot goes up must come down."

"LIMPSINESS"

LITTLE Mary Roberts Rinehart II, who is a granddaughter of my publisher, George H. Doran, and also granddaughter of our own Mary Roberts Rinehart, in starting up the steep hill of recovery from a serious illness, said all that can be said concerning "getting well" when she remarked in a tone of dubious discovery, "But, Granddad, I've got to convalesce yet." Oh, that betwixt-and-between time, when we are neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring; when we are not well enough to be out, nor sick enough to be in! No one but those who have been very ill can understand that feeling of utter and entire "limpsiness," called Convalescence. The nerves that are stretched a million miles long by the past struggle have to be rewound on the spool of life, and the spool is so terribly frail and wobbly. We lose our mental and moral confidence in ourselves and continually watch for some slight; for the unconscious patronage of the well for the sick; for the imagined neglect by those we love; for the sound of boredom in the voice of a friend; and for any of the other mountain-like molehills of the Alice-in-Distorted-Land which we create for ourselves during this time.

STILL WINGLESS

DURING this period a friend sat alongside my bed and said, "You are God's perfect child." I hope that I am God's child, but I am far from perfect. Even if there is a drama entitled, "All God's Chillun Got Wings," I happen to be one that hasn't got them—thank God! And even if I ever did have them, those last few years of hell that I had been through would have pretty well singed them.

My affliction was a wonderful adventure and I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world. I had been getting to the stage where I didn't believe there was such a thing as the brotherhood of man, that no one ever did anything for anyone without a purpose; I didn't believe in Santa Claus and I almost questioned the existence of God. Then came the crash—I was shipwrecked on life's ocean—sunk without warning—I hit the bottom with a thud.

The four years of illness were hard, but the first year of convalescence was just as hard. Yet I would not trade it, with its multitude of joys, thrills and even its few heartaches and disillusionments for any other year in my life. It has been a fitting sequel to the great adventure of the preceding four years and during it I think I have learned more of the quirks of human nature than I did in four times that long before.

GOOD SAMARITANS

WHAT a soul-thrilling spectacle it is to watch the superb self-sacrifice, the love and generosity that our friends scatter around during the touch-and-go periods! And to see how they will go down into the Valley of the Shadow to find you and bring you back to the mountain peaks of life and happiness! Even when the burdens of convalescence pile heavily upon you and your inclination at times is to be sharp or querulous with them and you sometimes obey that impulse, it is marvelous to realize what allowances they will make for you, how understanding they are of all your problems. And down underneath the prickly surface the invalid sometimes develops there is bound to be a deep and humble gratitude for such unquestioning faith and friendship.

When I was first beginning to get around in the hospital I became acquainted with a number of others who were starting to convalesce. Some of them in the course of a conversation would indict, sometimes humorously, sometimes seriously, what they considered the carelessness or neglect or tactlessness of their friends or their families. They used to tell me how they resented advice on "How and Why—by a Non-Invalid" and the tone that some of their friends took that implied, "Don't you think, dear, that you are imagining the pain is back" or "Now is the time to use your will."

Perhaps these things happened to them, but I am an exception to this rule as I have been to so many others. No friends in the world could have been kinder or more sympathetic than mine and I find it hard to believe that mine is an isolated case. It is my experience that people want to be kind, that they are overjoyed to be able to help if they but have the opportunity. Anyone who has ever seen an accident on the street knows that the Good Samaritans outnumber the Curiosity Seekers by three to one.

NATURE'S JOB

HOW easy it is for the well person who knows nothing of aches and pains, discouragements and set-backs, to give advice to the sick! One bright morning at the hospital when I had been "put out in the sun to set" in my chair, an Irish maid-of-all-work walked through the court. I admired the build of the girl and the swing of her broad fine shoulders, and as she passed I said casually, "My, I wish I could walk like you!" With the ready tongue of the Irish, she answered, "You can if you think you can."

I wondered about the girl's remark and when my doctor came in that night I told him about the incident and asked, "Doctor, could I?" His reply was:

"When you can walk, you'll know you can.

There is no thought cure about healing bones. That is Nature's job. She will cure almost everything if the doctors don't interfere with her too much."

I proved that his statement was true shortly afterward, by trying the "think you can" philosophy. I walked too soon and was sent back to bed to do two years more. That is how I learned to let Dame Nature take her course, and not listen to the doctrine of impatience.

ADVICE—NO CHARGE

THE humorous side of our universal tendency to advise the other fellow is that when we fall heir to the troubles we have counseled him about we rarely practice what we have so earnestly been preaching. I know of one instance where the patient in a room down the hall from mine at the hospital was advised by a friend to change to any one of four doctors rather than keep the one she then had. Some months later, she told me, this friend contracted the same ailment she had. And, she added with a smile, the doctor he secured wasn't any one of the four he had recommended to her.

Most of us are like signposts along the roadside. We are always telling how to go but never going ourselves.

Long ago I got over the custom of telling people

to hold the thought, that there is nothing really the matter with them except wrong thinking. For I have observed that when such people get sick they usually get twice as many doctors and take three times as much medicine as the normal person who knows that it is his body and not his mind that is ill. And I have learned, too, that the number of people who are sick and don't know it exceeds the army of those who aren't sick and think they are. This is not in disparagement of Christian Science, for that religion has been a salvation to many and a wonderful help to me, but there are some advocates of mind healing who permit their zealousness to obliterate their common sense.

Some of them even become as absurd as the man who called to see an acquaintance. He was met at the door by the butler.

"I'm sorry, sir, that you can't see Mr. Blank," the butler told him. "He is very ill."

"Nonsense," said the caller. "He only thinks he's sick."

Several times during the next week the man stopped at the house and each time made his assertion that Mr. Blank only thought himself ill. The end of the week found him at the house again.

"Does Mr. Blank still think he's sick?" he inquired.

"No, sir," was the butler's answer. "Now he thinks he's dead, so we've buried him."

One man told me, while I was still unable to

move from my bed, that I had been all right for some time but did not realize it. I reported the conversation to my doctor, and his quiet comment was:

"You can be cured, thank God! That man can't!"

How grateful I am for my numberless friends who have always been ready to give assistance without domination. They have not been like the orators, who in time of war get upon the platform and eloquently show that they are always ready to lay down your life for their country.

There is a story that aptly illustrates our penchant for giving advice. Two men were out hunting bears and found one. But it happened to be in a bad humor that day and the valiant hunters separated hurriedly, one climbing a tree, the other darting for a cave conveniently near by. When the tree-climber had reached safety he looked about for his companion and saw him rush out of the cave. The bear started for him and the hunter dodged back into the cave, only to reappear again in a moment. The performance was repeated several times and finally the man in the tree yelled:

"Why in thunder don't you stay in there?"

His companion threw a look of disgust over his shoulder as he again sought shelter.

"You're another one of those darned fools who are always giving advice about something they

don't know a thing about," he shouted back. "There's another big bear in the cave."

Before any one has the temerity to offer advice to a sick person he should know every circumstance of the case, something only the doctor can know.

Where illness is concerned, there's a bear in every cave.

POLLYANNA AND HER BROTHER

THERE are two types of monologists who have helped fill the cemeteries throughout time. They are Pollyanna and her brother, the Grave Digger.

The Pollyannas have neither resistance nor reaction. They are flabby—pulpy, rather. I hold no brief against Pollyanna in her proper sphere. She is a great girl there, for she made a million dollars for her author and bought a nice country house for Catherine Chisholm Cushing who put her on the stage. And for that I am for her. The young woman whose name has become a hearthstone word is entitled to her place. But she is not one of those versatile individuals who can fill more than one station.

Out of her proper niche she is a drawback, a hindrance, a stumbling block, a menace and the coward's alibi. It is not at all difficult for her to be smug, worse than maudlin. Did you ever eat

a paw paw apple? It is a fruit which perhaps serves some useful purpose in the cosmos, but when it comes to making marmalade or a tart, sharp jelly to go with a meat course, a damson plum is what is needed rather than the characterless paw paw.

There are some feats to be performed in the progress of mankind which require aggressiveness. The burly men who carried the diphtheria anti-toxin to Nome doubtless lashed their sledge dogs, shouted, yelled and swore. The most terrible, relentless and invincible of all enemies, Mother Nature, had to be overcome. Pollyanna would not do there. What a different place in history Gunnar Kasson and his lead dog, Balto, would have occupied if Pollyannaism had been their philosophy.

Dog of dogs! Oh, Balto! with your splendid jaws wide open, your red tongue licking out and your sinewy limbs lunging forward in the snow, you were the personification of force and power, not of some flabby philosophy which anesthetizes and puts to sleep resistance and courage.

When there is no work to be done, no ditches to jump, no Delawares to be crossed, you have your place, Pollyanna. But you can't fight armies, blizzards, forest fires or—worse than all—microbes.

So, when we are fighting for our health, our life, our right to live as other two-legged people

live, the Pollyanna sentiment of "Everything will be all right. Don't worry. Be cheerful. Keep sweet. Whatever is, is best" can counteract the good effects of all the medicines in the pharmacopeia and all the treatments in your doctor's repertoire.

Facing Pollyanna at the other side of the sick-bed is the Grave Digger. Unpleasant as he is, the female is still more deadly than the male. A constant course of Pollyanna pills is sure to have fatal effects, for you cannot laugh her out of your mind. With her usual philosophy, she will not accept a rebuff, but the Grave Digger appeals to your sense of humor—Lord help you if you haven't one—and one good laugh from you will ruin all his carefully staged effects.

He is a person with the soul of an undertaker or a first year medical student. The sight of a sick bed brings to his mind memories of all the illnesses he has ever seen or heard about or had. His only rival is a medical dictionary and most of the cases he tells about have had fatal endings. They are much more artistic, of course, than climaxes where the patient got well and lived happy ever after, but art for art's sake has a very limited appeal to sick people.

If the trouble is a fever, he can tell of Aunt Emma who also had a fever. Only hers was so high that there weren't any thermometers manufactured that could record it. If an operation im-

pends he recounts the experience of the friend in whose abdominal cavity the surgeons left a saw, a chisel and two hammers. And there was Uncle Frank who died from exactly this same disease and with these same symptoms. No matter what is wrong he has the latest mortuary statistics on that particular disease. He is as cheerful as a funeral parlor. And in case he is prevented from calling he can insure that his presence won't be missed, provided he will take the trouble to mail a clipping of a newspaper obituary column to take his place.

One spring afternoon when I sat in my wheel-chair on the roof-garden of the hospital a visitor came to see one of the other patients who was propped up next to me.

"I've come to cheer you up," he told her.

His stay lasted two hours. And in that time he described in full detail all the horrors of a flood in a Western city, recounting how all one night he had helped carry the bodies of the drowned inhabitants to an improvised morgue up a mountain-side. When he left, the patient turned to me:

"And he came to cheer me up!" she commented with an ironic smile.

Both of them—Pollyanna and the Grave Digger—the sick person would be perfectly willing to see on the list of the Lord High Executioner. That little ditty of Koko's in the ever-charming operetta, "The Mikado," has an appealing ring—

"I've got him on the list,
I don't think that he'll be missed,
I'm sure he'll not be missed."

PROPS

ANOTHER theory that I had conceived before I met with physical disaster was that the world had been going to too many movies and was getting so that it judged only by external appearances. I used to think that when one was ill or poverty stricken it was necessary for him to consult a movie director and get a list of the stock props that he uses to convey the idea that "Here is a man who is sick," or "See this. This is destitution."

But my friends soon exploded this belief for me. I did not have to reek in rags or engage a room on Welfare Island before they came to my rescue. For fear I might be wearing out the clothes I possessed before I went to the hospital they brought me more—negligees, bed jackets, scarves, unmentionables of many shapes and kinds. Never a week went by without someone asking me if the bars between the vestibule and the wolf were still strong enough. I do not exaggerate or overestimate one jot when I say that I had the most kind and wonderful friends in the world.

Yet I have known people whose cases were

otherwise and I have seen it often enough to know that the world takes an incredulous view of illness or poverty with pitiable frequency. A person may be fundless. The rent may have been overdue for six months. The bill collector and the wolf may both be knocking at their door. But if they wish people to believe this, it seems that they must act the rôle until the very last gasp. The room they occupy must be a tiny hall bedroom in the rear and up at least four flights of stairs. A little furniture is allowed, a bed, of course, and perhaps a chair and a dresser, but all of it must be unvarnished and falling to pieces.

The window pane must be broken and the crack stuffed with some old and dirty garment. A cold draft must whistle through the chinks of the door. The plaster must be falling from the ceiling and walls and ever and anon a prop rat must run across the bed. In case they haven't time to train a regular union rat, it would be advisable for them to buy a mechanical rat at some toy store. Their public will never know the difference, for the room will be shadowy, lit only by the fitful flickering of the usual five-cent candle in the corner.

They, themselves, must be in rags. Perhaps they have a few good clothes left from better days. They dare not wear them lest people think they do not need assistance. Their hair must be dirty and disheveled and their face streaked with the marks of tears. They cannot be too clean, for then it

will be thought they are putting on airs. And, though perhaps only the week before, they weighed two hundred pounds, they must now be thin and emaciated. How can visitors know that they are hungry unless they are wasting away?

Those who came to see me while I was trying to disentangle myself from the wreckage of my physical and financial crash did not feel thus about me and had I only that one thing to be grateful for I would be thankful to them the remainder of my life. But I know it has happened to others, and if the telling of an instance will aid anyone who is trying to keep up appearances in the face of sickness or poverty I shall not count the words lost.

Until five years ago pretty, little Dorothea Antel supported herself ably by means of her stage work. Then misfortune claimed her body and she was crippled through no fault of her own. She is struggling to make a living now by conducting agencies for magazines and hosiery from her bed.

At a time when she was in dire distress, sadly in need of funds, I asked a woman to call on her. The visitor came back with the story that "She doesn't need help." The woman had found the little apartment clean and sunny and neatly furnished. That furniture had been purchased in the days when Dorothea was a high-salaried actress. The pink silk curtains at the windows were

part of her old stage clothes that her nurse had ripped up and tinted in ten cents' worth of pink dye. Yes, the apartment was cheerful and attractive, but just the same the rent for it hadn't been paid in months.

Yet, for this one woman who doubted Dorothea's needs, there are hundreds—nay, thousands—who have not had to see a list of assets and liabilities before they would believe. Busy professional women and club women with many interests to demand their time have given up afternoons and evenings to planning and devising means whereby Dorothea could keep that pretty little apartment with its pink silk curtains—all she has left of life and beauty—and even get more pink curtains when those are gone.

Being sick is not so much different from being poor. If a person does not look sick, then he is not sick, says the world as a rule. Of course he can prove he has been ill by dying from the disease, but it is little satisfaction to have to get a point over in that manner. The skeptics begin to be convinced that perhaps there is something the matter if the pulse goes down to nothing or up to 140 and the temperature hovers around 106. But then people are usually so sick that they don't care what anybody believes.

The disheartening corollary of this doubt that a healthy world sometimes adopts toward the ailing individual, is that if they do not recover then

they have not been helping themselves. But if they do, they cannot have been very sick. The insurance companies are the worst offenders in this. If people start to aid themselves, the company is sure they are well and cut off their indemnity. Many sick people are afraid to take up some work which would occupy their time, make them forget their troubles for a few hours a day and bring in a little money to meet the high overhead of illness. They fear they might fail in the undertaking and then would find they had lost their indemnity into the bargain.

No one goes to a hospital, hires doctors, submits to operations and swallows nauseous medicines just as a practical joke on his family or his bank account. If sick people did not have to prove continuously that there was something the matter with them they would get well a lot more quickly.

Not that I am holding a brief for the sympathy hounds and the hypochondriacs who live on making their friends and relations miserable and are only happy when they can start someone looking for the nearest table d'hote funeral, advertised thus: "Why live when it is cheaper to die? We bury you for $30." It is of the thousands of fighting men and women I am talking, who are just like little babies all over again, learning how to walk into life once more.

Incredulity begets hypocrisy.

THE GARDEN

RECONSTRUCTION has its throes, but it also has its thrills that more than recompense for all of its woes. One of my finest came with my first call on Dorothea. While I was still in the hospital she and I had exchanged letters to help each other carry on, and one of our promises was that whoever was the first to get out and around again would call on the other. The high card fell to me and when I found I could get into an automobile one of my first rides was up to see her. If any of the people who came to see me at the hospital got one-tenth of the pleasure out of their visits that I did from mine to Dorothea, then surely I made a lot of people happy in the long years down there.

Anyone who is given the blessed privilege of passing on hope to others who are suffering has no right to ask much else of life. I believe my walking into Dorothea's bedroom was the greatest stimulus she has had in years, for, long ago, when even my doctors were doubtful that I would ever take another step, I had promised her I would come in to see her on my own two feet. In return for my pilgrimage to this shrine of bravery and cheerfulness, I got back from her courage in double measure.

From where Dorothea lies night and day, she can see a garden, set in the green of the open

fields just beyond the building in which she lives. It is a garden which blooms particularly for her and its perfume is all the sweeter for the eager little hands that till it and the loving thoughts that brought it about.

It is grown for her by the neighborhood children. They come after school, each in regular turn and see that it is kept free from weeds and that the plants are watered and its produce picked when the sun and rain have ripened it; and though, like all children, they play games of tag and I-spy and run wild all around it, it would be as much as their lives were worth to walk on the rows of plants.

Dorothea can see neither garden nor children actually, but with the aid of her mirror she catches their reflections and receives the waved greetings. All the fruits of the garden are brought to her, so that she knows she has growing things of her own. And she has what is even lovelier, the affection of childish hearts.

ON THE BEAT

IT was outside a hospital—just outside—that I discovered one of the finest examples of how the well may fend off trouble for the sick. It would seem that one who had spent a whole presidential term in a hospital would never want to see one again. But I am just the one to go to a hos-

pital quite often for many of the people who came to see me have occasional illnesses themselves. So I go to see them.

In the fall of last year I was on my way to call upon an ailing friend and, upon approaching the entrance of the New York Hospital, heard a nerve-jarring, rumbling noise. A boy with a pushcart piled high with boxes was rattling the contraption along the rough sidewalk. As he neared the hospital, the policeman on the beat stopped him, ordered him to go back and told him never again to disturb the peace around a hospital in that manner. I could not help thinking how safe is the calm and quiet of those hospital patients in the hands of Officer Whoever-He-Is.

Do other well people ever think, I wonder, when they are speeding their autos or trucks past a hospital, how they jar the nerves and bodies of the patients? There are laws against this, but like a good many of our other laws, they are more "honored in the breach than in the observance."

AUTOCRAT OF AUTOCRATS

THE policeman is one kind of benevolent autocrat. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a whimsical Yankee gentleman—though Yankee gentlemen are more noted for hardheadedness than for whimsicality—wrote a whimsical book about an-

other type—"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." With all due respect to the patrolman and to Mr. Holmes, they did not know what an autocrat was, for the despot of convalescence is the autocrat of autocrats. He it is who wields a sceptre, a rod of iron or a sarcastic tongue—or if it happens to be a woman perhaps that weapon of weapons, tears.

Petted after a long helplessness, watched over and cajoled, his sense of proportion is apt to become entirely awry. Strength coming back to his limbs, the feeling that he is really a human being after all, make him self-important and powerful. Idleness palls on him and makes him a nuisance to nurses, doctors, orderlies, and all who chance to come within range. His bed becomes a throne.

Am I untrue to the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Invalids? Rather than indict myself, my brothers and sisters of the eiderdown or the less fortunate of our order, the sheetless crowd that never felt the caress of a fracture board, should I not be proclaiming against the nurses and doctors and orderlies. Why am I revealing the sworn secrets of our long suffering guild and admitting the charges of the malicious, plotting, relentless hospital staffs? My defence is that another violated the fraternal mysteries of our order long before I was initiated. Charles Lamb was the traitor's name and in his essay on "The Convalescent" he has revealed us truly, yet not severely.

"If there be regal solitude," he declared, "it is the sick bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! How kinglike he sways his pillow—tumbling and tossing and shifting and lowering and thumping and flattening and moulding it, to the ever varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

"How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hears not the jarring of them, affects him not."

But what a fall comes after! Lamb lets the invalid down from the pedestal of Supremacy in these words:

"To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogative. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye alone, with which he is served, with the careless demeanor, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors or leaving them open) of the very same attendants when he is getting a little better—and you will confess that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition."

To one who has been through all the stages of several physical descents and ascents, it seems

that Lamb somewhat belittles the rôle of convalescent when he says, "How convalescence shrinks a man back to pristine stature!"

Lamb's malady was, perhaps, but a slight spell of fever. He could not have been of the Spinal Column Aristocracy. There is caste in invalidism and we Brahmins of the Orthopedic Cult do not forfeit caste with convalescence.

LIVE NERVES

GETTING well is like trying to walk up an escalator which is moving down. For every step upward you are carried downward a half step. New symptoms are constantly cropping up to take the place of those that are gone, but usually we need worry about them as little as my doctor did about a nerve of mine that began suddenly to give me the most agonizing twinges. When I inquired of him if there were not something he could do to relieve it, he made what seemed at first a rather cruel reply.

"You ought to thank God," he said, "that the nerve can hurt. If it could not cause you to suffer, if it stopped hurting entirely then would be the time to worry, for it would be a dead nerve. And when you have a dead nerve there is something very vitally wrong with your body."

This diagnosis came vividly to mind upon the receipt of a letter from a young girl who is con-

valescing at Saranac Lake and who has been separated from her family for many months.

"What do you do to cure homesickness?" was her plea.

And I made haste to answer that if I were the only one in the world who knew a cure for homesickness I would write out the formula, tie it up very tightly, lash a big weight to it and then go far out beyond the twelve-mile limit and sink it as deeply and irrecoverably as I possibly could.

After that I would try to forget I had ever known of it.

For sick people there is no tonic in the world better than homesickness. There is nothing that so speeds up their recovery as the craving for home scenes and faces. It is such a stimulus that I have no doubt that I would have been out of the hospital months sooner had there been a home for me to go to. Not that I was not homesick. I had the worst form, the overpowering desire for the peace and companionship of a fireside that did not exist.

IMAGINITIS

ADDED to our real symptoms are some that we can conjure up out of our imagination, for when the rest of us is ailing the imagination is always in the pink of condition and working overtime. There were days in the hospital when

I would be hard at work writing and would suddenly find that my arm was getting more tired than usual. At first it frightened me into thinking it was losing its strength. But I soon discovered the cause. I had been writing with a hard pencil. As soon as I changed to a soft one I found that my arm did not tire so quickly and that all my scare had been for nothing.

Once I was worried because my wrist hurt while I was writing. I pictured all sorts of calamities as about to overtake me. Then I noticed that my pencil was shorter than usual and in order to hold it I had to cramp my hand, which in turn hurt my wrist. Thus another pending tragedy was averted.

How many of our ills, real and imaginary, I wonder, could not be relieved if we would stop to trace the causes. And, no doubt, many times they are just as trivial and as easily remedied as was the trouble in my arm, which I thought was threatened with neuritis, rheumatism and palsy, when it was only the straining due to using the wrong kind of pencil.

The winter following this I spent in a hotel room and one morning during a cold snap, when many were cold but few were frozen, I found the room chilly. I had my nurse scurry around looking for drafts, I put on a heavier robe, closed the windows, even walked a bit, thinking the exercise would increase my circulation. Still I was cold.

Then it occurred to me to see if the heat were on. It was not, but as soon as the valve was turned the steam came rushing into the pipes and in five minutes I was warm and comfortable and had forgotten the unpleasant minutes that had gone before. A good many of us go through life, whether we are sick or well, in about the same way. We are unhappy or uncomfortable or discontented and we fuss and sputter and waste our time on useless remedies when the real cure is right at our hand and takes only a moment to apply.

We think this is a cold, cruel world and seek all kinds of artificial solace instead of examining the radiators of life with a little self-analysis and turning on the steam.

THRILLS

AMONG the thrills of convalescence is one which is a match for the sensation an aviator has when he makes his first solo flight, with nothing to depend on but his own skill and courage. As a mate for that moment I can recommend solo walking after being in a hospital four years, most of the time unable to walk, and later getting out by being wheel-chaired or, if you do walk a bit, always being accompanied by a nurse.

When the moment comes and you are out on the granitoid, all alone, you begin to wonder if

your gasoline supply is going to hold out or if your motor may not go dead on you just as you are over a dangerous spot for landing—or rather, sitting down. Oh! the feeling of confidence and elation that floods you when you have landed again and are safely in the hangar—I mean bed—and know that you can do it now and that you'll never be afraid again! Five years is a long time to prepare for such a thrill, but it is a real one when it arrives.

Even that was not the greatest moment of my strolls. One afternoon I started out all by myself—my cane and I—to walk around the block, the first time I had gone so far alone. I arrived in front of a church, stood still for a moment to utter a silent prayer of thanksgiving, and resumed my walk. As I did so I had to pass a building in course of construction. And the workmen bared their heads until I had gone by. Yes, that was a greater thrill.

TRAFFIC BLOCKADES

WHILE taking one of these constitutionals of mine I saw an automobile stall at the corner of Broadway and 45th Street. Immediately cars jammed in behind it, and after a few seconds every driver who was delayed became impatient, began blowing his horn and reversing and going forward again in an effort to find a way

out of the tangle and continue his journey. Presently the blockading car started and the stream of traffic soon was flowing smoothly. Three or four blocks farther on every one of these motorists had forgotten the delay.

Troubles are just traffic blockades. They are not the end of our journey. Nevertheless we grow impatient and irritated because we cannot go ahead as we always have. If it is illness that affects our engine, we signal frantically to a medical traffic officer for assistance. But very soon the trouble is overcome, the jam is cleared and we gather the momentum of living again. Three or four squares farther on in life, the hold-up does not seem nearly so long nor so serious as it did at the time.

A WASHOUT UP THE ROAD

EVEN in the days before the automobile crowded our highways, impatience was a very old and very human failing. Years ago I travelled as advance agent for theatrical attractions and many times I had to wait in depots for trains that were delayed by washouts up the road. Some of my companions-in-waiting walked the depot platform like caged lions and inquired at the ticket office every fifteen minutes for news of the train. Eventually it came along. Trains always do. And it would have come just as soon

had we sat in the depot and quietly read the paper. Our impatience did not make it come any sooner. It even made the time seem longer.

This is exactly what every sick person is doing. We are just waiting. The train to Wellville has been delayed up the line, but the wrecking crew is on the job, the bad tracks will soon be mended and we will climb aboard and continue our journey on through life, looking back at illness as just a temporary inconvenience—just a washout up the road.

Part Three:

SELLING YOURSELF TO YOURSELF

Part Three

SELLING YOURSELF TO YOURSELF

EVERY man, woman and child in the world is a salesman. Everyone sells something for which he expects pay; and there are as many commodities and as many kinds of payments as there are people. No two are alike. The baby sells gurgles and cooings for milk and cuddling. Sometimes he changes his method and purchases his dinner with howls and protests. The boy wants his chum's marbles and he buys them with skillful "shooting." A girl wants a new dress and she buys it with smiles and pretty pleadings. The lover buys kisses with theatre tickets, candy, orchids and suppers; and, sad to relate, the middle-aged man often buys peace and quiet with checks.

Every one of these people sells something, just as truly as the traveling salesman disposes of his merchandise for money. Each one wants some certain thing, knows it has a price and is willing to pay for it. The more skilful the salesman, the more things he gets, and his success depends on his faith in his merchandise and selling ability. The baby knows to buy milk; the boy knows how

to buy the coveted marble; the lover knows how to buy kisses; the middle-aged man knows how to buy peace. How do they know? Because they have faith in themselves, and in an instinctive way understand their powers.

Instinct is one of the greatest forces in the world, but its scope is limited. It was not instinct that built the Woolworth Building or dug the Hudson Tubes or guided the great airship across the Atlantic. That was knowledge. The men who directed these undertakings believed in their own ability and brains. In other words, they had sold themselves to themselves. "How did they do it?" we ask, and "Can we do the same?" We not only can but must if we would make the most of our opportunities and of ourselves. On every hand there are people who will read our character, psychoanalyze us, interpret the bumps on our head, the lines on our hand and translate the meaning of the stars that shone on our birth. Some of these people are helpful, but many of them are pure fakes and we ourselves are the best interpreters of our own character.

We don't need anyone to tell us that we have a peppery temper, or that we sulk and mope at every little grievance. We don't need anyone to tell us that we like to sing, or draw, or cook, or sew, and that we dislike to dust, go shopping, read poetry or weed the garden. These, of

course, are just superficial things; but everyone knows that if we love to sing we will be willing to pay the price necessary to become a singer, but that we will not pay the price necessary to weed the garden. Do we really know anything about ourselves? Anything about the qualities that go to make up the ego known as "I"? How can we sell ourselves to someone else if we don't know the powers and weaknesses of our own selves? Furthermore, how can we believe in ourselves if we don't know what we have to believe in?

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

IT is the easiest thing in the world to criticise the other fellow. We appraise him almost unconsciously. We sometimes take him at the value he sets on himself and, sometimes, when we are more thoughtful, we dig deeper and discover what is underneath the surface. But there is no person we meet that we do not buy as a friend, an enemy, a business associate, and everyone we meet buys us. And not always, either, at the price we place on ourselves. Why not then—

> "Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
> Think of yourself as 'he,' instead of 'I.'
> Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you
> And strive to make the estimate ring true.

The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink.
Love's chain grows longer by one mighty link,
When you with 'he' as substitute for 'I'
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by."
—*Author Unknown.*

GOLD BARS AND GOLD BRICKS

SOME months ago in New York, during the trial of several men charged with selling fraudulent stock, one of the defendants who had turned State's evidence created a sensation by saying that the salesmen of his organization had believed implicitly in the value of the stock.

"This may seem strange to you," he explained to the jury, "but it is true. We found that when our sales force knew the stock was worthless they did not produce one half the results they should have.

"We eventually got rid of all employees who were 'on to us' and replaced them with a new crowd not so bright and clever as the old one, but men, every one of whom believed in the soundness of our proposition. Our sales jumped immediately and no wonder; it is always easier to sell something in which you have confidence."

The witness was a self-confessed crook; but he did utter a mighty truth. Had he been a moralist, he might have added that his statement applied to the sale of everything from a stock

to a person. And since most of us are engaged in selling persons—ourselves—the conclusion is obvious.

There is an inherent sense of honor even in the most dishonest which subconsciously dominates our actions. If one lacks belief in self, it is bound to crop to the surface.

The man who does not believe he is a genuine 14-karat gold bar will find he is only a gold brick when it comes to selling himself. His outer gleam will soon wear off and the lead underneath is bound to show.

In the make-up of a leader some qualities may be missing, but never self-confidence. And no one can be self-confident unless he has first sold himself to himself. Cæsar, Napoleon, Grant, Lee, Foch, each of these warriors had belief in his own abilities before he asked a nation to trust him. There is no financier, artist, inventor, clergyman, writer, actor or man in any other activity, who has ever attained success without a self-recognition that he is a "pretty good sort of fellow." The headliners on the vaudeville bills of life are and have always been awake to their own good qualities.

Moses coming down from Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments had a firm faith in himself. That is why he was able to convince his race and the world that he had had a revelation from God. Lincoln was not only a firm believer

in the abolition of slavery as a theory but had also convinced himself that he was the man to free the slaves. And he did it despite a great wave of opposition in his own camp as well as in the enemy's. Woodrow Wilson not only dreamed the League of Nations as many another statesman has, but was certain in his own heart that he was the man to make the dream a reality. The League of Nations is now a going concern.

No one, whether he be shoe string peddler or President, can put his wares across continuously unless he really believes he is giving good value.

That is why Little Jack Horner has always been my favorite Mother Goose hero. The man who will occasionally pat himself on the back and, like Jack, exclaim: "What a great boy am I!" will always have plenty of plums to eat.

All this is not a philosophy of the moment. It took me a year to build it up—that last year I spent in the hospital, after I had thrown off submissiveness and had begun to fight back in earnest. I realized that if a well person must sell himself to himself before he can amount to anything, it is doubly necessary for a sick one to do so.

To recover from a serious illness, one must have the desire to get well. Before one can have this desire, one must believe that life is worth living and only those who believe in themselves can believe in life.

So, whether sick or well, we should pat ourselves on the shoulder once in a while and say:

"What a great boy am I!"

CONFIDENCE BY MAIL

THE guns of the "colyumists" and jokesmiths have been turned upon that famous institution, the school that teaches salesmanship by mail. There is no doubt of the fact that some of these schools do make absurd claims. No man that I know of has ever jumped from a $35 a week job as a street car conductor to $10,000 a year as a star salesman. But aren't these schools doing a good work when they can inspire some plumber's assistant with enough confidence in his ability so that he will approach his jobber and say, "Here, I know your line. Let me go out and sell it." And if he keeps that confidence in himself the time will come when he will be earning $10,000 a year.

It is the first and greatest step in any undertaking—this selling yourself to yourself. The accomplishment of any project demands coöperation, whether it be with an employer, a partner or an employe. And before we attempt to induce anyone else to believe that our efforts will be a valuable contribution to the work, we must first be sold on what we are trying to market. We must believe in our merchandise. We must know

that for the purpose in mind there are no better goods for sale than our abilities. Once we have convinced ourselves other people are more inclined to believe also.

If a press agent or an actor or a bridge builder were to take a job upon which he knew he could not procure space in the papers or carry the rôle or construct a safe bridge, he would be cheating. And when we feel that our abilities are not as we represent them, then we are cheating, too. If we feel we are cheating, we are apt to look the part and we probably are.

To sell belief in us to a man when we do not have that belief ourselves ought to give us the slimy feeling that we have swindled him. When we sell ourselves to a man we actually are duping him unless we are sure he is getting a bargain and that he will not only buy this time but will become a steady customer. And when the deal is over we should feel that he is to be congratulated. And so are we.

Before we try this we have to check ourselves up carefully. We must be like any successful merchant, knowing where we are strong, where we are weak, what we lack and of what we have an oversupply. We must be honest with ourselves, for otherwise we will be selling an imitation instead of the real thing. Everyone knows how manufacturers warn us to "Beware of Imitations." Do we want to be an imitation?

Wouldn't it be better to be the real thing even if it were more humble than the thing we wished to be? Do we want to be laughed at as a "would-be" opera singer or a "like-to-be" actor? Do we want anyone saying about us, "He's not a financier. He's an accident!"

Wouldn't it be finer—

If you can't be a pine on top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
So some highway you'll happier make;
If you can't be a muskee, then just be a bass,
But the liveliest bass in the lake.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail.
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail,—
Be the best of whatever you are!

—*Anon.*

Then, having laid our qualities out on the counter before us, we must decide if we have any that we would despise in another man. Are we indolent, careless, untruthful, selfish, dishonest, tactless, inconsiderate, slovenly, unreliable? Are we as good a citizen as we expect our neighbor to be? When we can answer that question truthfully in the affirmative, the time has come

to close the sale of ourselves to ourselves and to all the world.

Without any remorse or apprehension we can put our name upon the dotted line.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE EGOIST IN YOUR HOME?

LET us hope that we have not only a little egoism in our make-up but a good deal. Egoism is the greatest "ism" of the age. It is courage, faith in ourselves and in our abilities.

After a mental refurbishing tells us we possess certain first-class intellectual, moral or physical qualities, we can go forth into life unafraid to acknowledge them. That is egoism. It is nothing to be ashamed of.

How many women when they are complimented on the beautiful dress they are wearing will immediately begin to depreciate it!

"It's just a little old rag," or "It's just a cheap little thing."

How much more pleasant it would be if they said, "I'm glad you like it. I liked it, too, so much so that I couldn't resist buying it the minute I laid eyes on it."

And there is the woman who, upon being praised for her biscuits or her pie, will say they aren't really as good as they should be when in her heart of hearts she knows they are actually

delicious and as good as any she has ever made before.

If a man is a good writer or painter or merchant or plumber, I see no reason in the world why he should not admit it. If he believes in himself, he is living a lie when he hides his self-esteem under a bushel.

When a person is painfully modest the fact points, whether truthfully or not, to the idea that he dislikes himself. If he cannot admire his own qualities, no one else is apt to.

But sometimes we are not thorough in the scouring of our minds. Sometimes we cheat ourselves into thinking we have good qualities that we have not. Sometimes we even go out and proclaim abilities that we know full well we do not possess at all or only in a small degree. That is old-fashioned conceit, known popularly today as egotism. An egoist is a man who believes in himself but an egotist is a man who, believing in himself, tries to dominate the scene, giving no one else a show. An egoist is one who says, "I'm good." But an egotist is one who proclaims, "I'm the only one who's good."

We should not let that "I" fool us. If we are carrying it around with us, we should throw it away for it will only impede our progress. We should be as honest with ourselves as we have to be with Nature; we should be ego-ists, fight for our independence and the right to use our powers.

And we shouldn't be afraid to give the world look for look and say, "I have them."

ABOUT BLOWING YOUR OWN HORN

THE more strongly we are sold on ourselves, the harder it is to keep from blowing our own horns. Some blow discreetly and make a not unpleasant tune; others blow outrageously so that one wants to stop up one's ears. Yet, while some people disparage "blowing your own horn," there are many things to be said in its favor. It was Benjamin Franklin who called attention to the following fact and added his own most illuminating comment.

"One of the Romans justified speaking in his own praise by saying: 'Every freeman has a right to speak what he thinks of himself as well as of others.' That this is a natural inclination appears in that all children show it and say freely, 'I am a good boy.' . . . 'Am I not a good girl?' and the like, until they have been frequently chid and told their trumpeter is dead and that it is unbecoming to sound their own praises so. But being forbid to praise themselves, they learn instead to censure others, which is only a roundabout way of praising themselves. Condemning the conduct of another, in any particular manner, amounts to as much as saying, 'I am so honest, so wise, so good, so prudent that I could not do

or approve of such an action.' This fondness for ourselves rather than malevolence to others, I take to be the general cause of censure and backbiting. . . . Upon the whole I wish the out-of-fashion practice of praising ourselves would, like other fashions, come round into fashion again. The privilege of recounting our own good actions might be an inducement to the doing of them."

To me this is a comforting thought, for when my last book, "Right Off the Chest," was in process of being written, I was fearful lest the perpendicular pronoun was getting too much use in its pages. I excused myself by recording the fact that having been thrown in upon myself for almost four years in a hospital, "I" was all the copy I had. And then I discovered that Franklin thought the same way I did.

EASY SAILING

WHO would want easy sailing all the time? It would be like a diet of mushrooms with no pickles, no mustard, nothing sour. If the little shoot did not push, it would never get above ground. If the blossom did not withstand the wind and the rain, it would never be a peach. If the baby did not suffer a few bumps he would never learn to walk. Everything in nature meets opposition before it attains its ideal. Are we meeting and overcoming this opposition or are

we turning aside and following the course of least resistance? This course never lands us in a good harbor.

When we find it hard to convince someone else of our abilities and rights that we so firmly believe in ourselves, the time has come to fight for their recognition twice as hard as before. But we must not confuse the terms, "Fighter" and "Chip Carrier." They are two entirely different things. The fighter is the person who surmounts impossible obstacles while the chip carrier takes all his time in worrying about grievances. He says:

"Just because he's the boss, he needn't think he can walk on me. I'm quitting."

"The job wasn't big enough for me. I left."

"They wouldn't pay me what I was worth. I walked out on them."

"Me work overtime? I should say not. I'm through."

So it goes and economists tell us that if the labor turnover weren't so large we wouldn't have to pay so much for the things we eat and wear and everybody would be a lot happier and more prosperous. The first thing the average person thinks about when things don't go to suit him is quitting. It is for that reason that he remains average. The above-average man sticks to his job and gets there.

There are unpleasant things in every job; there

are hurdles that require a lot of leaping before we get over them; there are obstacles on every road to success. It is nobody's fault but our own if we do not pick the path we are suited to follow and then stay on it. If we can learn to control ourselves when we want to quit, it will not be long before we can control the things that made us want to quit.

Then, too, there is that other clog in the wheel of progress, the Sidestepper. Listen to him:

"That isn't my job."

"I'm not paid to do that."

"What do you think I am—a packhorse?"

It is amazing how careful a lot of people are not to overstep the boundaries of their jobs and yet they may be quite careless in assigning duties to others. Everyone wants to be the foreman and nobody is willing to be a workman without the existence of whom none of us could ever get to be foremen.

The danger is that between the great things we cannot do and the small things we will not do we shall never get anything done.

ALIBI BABIES

IS there anything in the world more exasperating than the person who is never wrong; who never makes a mistake; who is always a victim of circumstances? He always has an alibi. If

he is late, the clock was wrong. If he made some error, it was because he had been misinformed. The whole world is out of step; but, as for himself—never! He is not courageous enough to stand up and say, "Yes, I was wrong. I am sorry," and, lacking courage, he is what children call a "baby"—and what the world should call an "alibi baby."

Even a liar, to my mind, is more to be respected than an "alibi baby," for a liar at least has courage enough to make up some sort of a story and stick to it. An "alibi baby" always lacks courage.

We hear from him constantly that worn phrase, "circumstances over which I had no control." It is a falsehood, for any circumstance we encounter, if we trace it down to its starting point, is of our own making. If we want good circumstances it is up to us to manufacture them. As Napoleon once said to his timid general:

"Circumstances! I make circumstances."

TRAVELLERS AND RUTTERS

ACCORDING to the dictionaries a rut is "a settled course of procedure." It is also a deep groove in a road, worn by the passing over the same spot of many wheels. In other words, it carries the thought of repetition. It means that somebody has done the same thing in the same way a great number of times. Resistance has

disappeared and mental or physical laziness has replaced it.

A rut may be comfortable, but it never takes us to a new place. If we scramble out of the ruts and keep out of them, we are travellers. If we lie back, enjoying the lack of friction, satisfied with our ordinary day's routine, we are—rutters. We cannot fight back if we are in a rut; we cannot go ahead.

Not long ago while motoring along the Boston Post Road, it occurred to me that I had seen all there was to see on that highway many times. Presently we came to a wagon trail, branching off to the east. It was little travelled and looked cool and inviting, while the main road was dusty and noisy and choked with traffic. The little road seemed to beckon and say, "Come and find out about me." I asked the chauffeur where it led.

"Somebody's back yard, I guess," was his discouraging answer.

His instinct was to follow the line of least resistance, to stay on the main-travelled highway, in the ruts, so to speak, where the paving was smooth and it was no effort to drive. I insisted he turn and he reluctantly did so.

At first the little road was bumpy and branches of trees caught at the car like so many arms trying to hold us back, so that we had to go very slowly. But it did not go to someone's back

yard. It soon widened and became smooth, winding beneath a beautiful arch of autumn colored trees, where there was no dust, no noise, no other automobiles. Here were rest and peace for tired nerves. At the end we came upon the Sound, blue and sparkling in the sun. We rested and enjoyed the scenery. We had left the ruts and had travelled and the reward for the effort was great.

Life is always like that. The real rewards do not come to those who stay in the ruts, but only to those souls who will leave the beaten paths. We must venture before we can win.

THE DANGER ZONE

THE most dangerous time of life for becoming a rutter is middle age. People seem to think that the half-century mark is the time to settle down in a nice, cozy rut and let the rest of the world go by. Actually at fifty a man or a woman is just beginning to have time to "do things"; it takes years to gain the experience needed, years even to find out what we are fitted to do, so if we are all ready to begin at fifty we are lucky.

Anyone who has ever feared middle age, anyone who has ever considered it a dreary part of life, anyone who has worried over the advancing years,should have been with me on another motor

trip, should have been at my side to see Autumn on the old Saw Mill Road.

The world was middle-aged that day and it was glorious. On either side of the road orchards stretched away, each tree bearing its offering of rose-cheeked fruit. In the spring some years before I had passed over this same road. The skies then were blue with the deep indigo of Maytime. The grass had sparkled with dew; birds were singing and there had been an ecstasy in the air. The trees had been in full blossom and their snow-white petals lighted up the whole countryside.

"Nothing could be more beautiful than this!" I had told myself then. And this I had believed.

But Autumn had brought a loveliness to take the place of the startling breath-taking beauty of the Spring, and it was a loveliness that permeated the whole being, that reached far down into the depths of your consciousness and made you feel warm and satisfied and bathed in contentment. It was all so much better than even the apple blossoms of the May morning.

Blossoms, after all, are only promises—most of them never fulfilled. They are beautiful, but nothing more; while the ripened fruit shows both beauty and achievement. It is something that has withstood both storm and stress; it is something that has not drooped and fallen at the least hostile touch.

Wind and rain and sun and dew have passed over each perfect sphere and from fighting through with each enemy the fruit has acquired character and firmness. Only in the Autumn does it achieve its greatest perfection—its usefulness to man—the purpose for which it bloomed in the Springtime. In the fall the road and leaves are always the most alluring. They show colors and forms then which far excel even the exuberant and prodigal Spring. Spring and youth are beautiful, but maturity is the triumph.

JUST BEGINNING THE RACE

NO one will ever be able to estimate the harm done by the wide publication of Dr. Osler's chance remark that men of forty have reached the limit of their usefulness and should be chloroformed. The physician later disclaimed any serious intent in bringing forward this doctrine, but by then the damage had been done and the truth, like most truths, has never succeeded in overtaking the speeding lie.

Let a man suffer a serious financial or physical setback at about the time he reaches middle age and in nine cases out of ten he considers himself out of the race for good, condemned for the remainder of his useless life to stand on the sidelines and watch the younger runners. If he feels that way about himself it is not long before his

friends and business associates look upon him in the same light.

Somebody has said that the study of the past records of humanity is most valuable to those who wish to predict the future, for history, unlike Shakespeare, always repeats itself. The student of bygone days knows how false the impression is that men past middle age cannot accomplish real successes. He knows that for every man who is of use to the world at thirty-five there are two who are of greater value when they reach sixty.

Many of the world's greatest men and women did not become great until middle life or even later. Who would not consider the life of Abraham Lincoln a brilliant success? Yet until the time he was elected President, at the age of 51, he had no notable political victories. Dumas, Joseph Conrad, Milton and many others met success after fifty. Wagner was well along in years before his music received even a favorable hearing. Michael Angelo did his greatest statues and frescoes after middle life. Gladstone, Voltaire and Bismarck were obscure figures at fifty.

The author William de Morgan, beginning at the age of seventy, wrote a series of novels that have given him a lasting place in literature. George Washington was nearing fifty when he organized the forces of the colonies against tyranny and injustice and he was fifty-seven when he was inaugurated President for the first time.

Cato began the study of Greek at eighty. Socrates, at seventy-five, did not know one note of music from another, but before he died was an accomplished musician. Benjamin Franklin, whose attainments as a philosopher still impress us when the memory of his other accomplishments have been dimmed, did not begin the study of that subject until he was fifty. General Foch and General Joffre were both past sixty when their final great triumph came at the end of the war. In the world of finance, business and public affairs one has but to point to George F. Baker, E. F. Albee, Chauncey Depew and the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge as men who did some of their most valuable work during their later years.

To come even closer to people that we are more familiar with, Frank Bacon at fifty was a comparatively unknown vaudeville actor, playing two, three and four shows a day. Yet before he was sixty he had scored in "Lightnin'" one of the greatest personal triumphs of which we have record in the annals of the stage.

When we have reached the two score and ten mark, it is true that we have lost some of the unbridled enthusiasm and tireless energy of youth. But we have acquired judgment and a knowledge of human nature. We are no longer swayed by the passions and prejudices of the rising generation. The window through which we

gaze upon life is of clearer glass and we can see that the world is full of both good and bad, but that the good is the only thing to be concerned about. We have learned how things should be done and though our strength be less than in the springtide of our career we can direct it better and thus gain better results.

All the fighting in the world is not done by the young men and women. Many of us on the other side of fifty still possess a winning punch. "There's life in the old girl yet" is more than a line in a comic song. It is the truth. The person past fifty, afflicted by ills of body or finances, need not give up fighting. The autumn time of life has a vigorous, healing air of its own that even the balmy breezes of spring cannot equal. A November day has a zip and sparkle that one in May cannot match.

When I left the hospital, I was nearly fifty. My case was not an unusual one, either, for some of the most notable recoveries known to medical science have been made by patients of my age or even much older. The invalid fighting his way back on the road to health will find his mature years an aid, not a hindrance. He has not the impetuosity of youth; he is not subject to the emotional disturbances common to the early years. Instead he is possessed of that greatest of all blessings, a calmness of mind and heart that is the concomitant of maturity.

At this period in life he can more readily distinguish the dross from the gold; know the true from the false and thereby rout from his mind and spirit those discordant notes that destroy the harmony of life.

In this, the man or woman of more than fifty is blessed beyond words. The glowing content, the sure feeling of maturity, these are things that even the first enthusiasms of youth cannot equal. These, indeed, are life's supreme gifts to those who have passed across the half-century line.

And if we have been good fathers, good mothers, good citizens, good business men or women, before we reach that age, there is no loss of money or any temporary illness that can change us then. We have qualities in us that mere years cannot corrode.

FIGHTIN' FEAR

FEAR is man's deadliest enemy. We fear failure, poverty, advancing age, discomforts and most of these things come simply because we do fear them. Yet what is there to fear in any of them, for they are, after all, only experiences? And the fullest life is the one which encompasses the most experiences.

It certainly was not fear that raised the first airman off the ground in a heavier-than-air machine. It was fighting and lots of it that over-

came, finally, all obstacles and gave him his flight of a few hundred yards to the amazement of the whole world.

But the Wright Brothers did not let the matter rest there. Their short "hop" was not a complete victory but only a step forward in the long road to success. Even today we have not conquered the air, though we have made tremendous strides. One of them was the round-the-world flight. So enthusiastic did I become in reading about the progress of these pioneers that I determined that Buddie (my canary) should have a little aviation meet all to himself. I opened the door of my feathered flyer's cage, expecting, of course, that he would flutter out at once and enjoy the comparative freedom of my hotel room.

To my great surprise he made no move to leave the confines of his brass-barred residence. Then my nurse placed a choice piece of lettuce just outside the door, but Buddie still refused to take a chance—he preferred his "rut." He merely stuck his head out and dragged the lettuce inside the cage as quickly as he could, seeming to fear that if he left his house the door might slam behind him and he might not be able to get back home again. We tried every means of persuading him to take to the air, but it was three days before he would lay aside his fear and take a flying chance.

Then he achieved the victory of winging from

bedpost to chairback and from flower basket to the outstretched arm of the Good Fairy statue. These daring flights afforded us all much enjoyment, but how like a human being he was in refusing, fearing to forsake the "sure thing," the rut.

How many of us stay in our narrow little cages and close our eyes to the opportunities awaiting us outside. Usually it is simply through fear of the unknown rather than lack of confidence in ourselves and our own powers. I do not know whether it was because the bird feared to trust his powers in that great world outside his cage or whether he dared not fight the difficulties that might line his path to freedom. At any rate he acted very humanly when he blinded himself to opportunity, even when that goddess not only knocked at his door but also opened it.

Perhaps it was only because he was contented and contentment is a very fine thing. But it will not get any of us out of a rut, which is different in only one way from a grave. The grave is deeper.

COURAGE

LET those of us who are easy prey to fear and discouragement know that it is only lack of vision that we show. We do not look high enough; or if we do, we are afraid of the heights.

We feel that we cannot climb them, and shut our eyes to the fact that most of those who have made the long ascent are not possessed of any greater powers than ourselves. Those who succeed first decide to try for something worth while and then never stop trying until they have reached their goal. Do we lack courage? Then we must either buy ourselves some more, or do something (if we can find it) where courage is not needed.

If doing things that "can't be done" is the real test of courage, then courage is the first and foremost quality of Sol Rothschild, a Brooklyn advertising man. His spine was broken about two years ago, when the automobile he was driving overturned and he was pinned beneath its heavy tonneau. Physicians gave him up as lost. There he was, in the full bloom of youth, engaged to a beautiful girl, suddenly cut off from the active world he had known. He was placed upon a hospital bed, helpless, paralyzed, to await the expected end.

But Sol Rothschild was never a good waiter. He always had been the sort of man who met the future at least halfway up the street; he refused to surrender. He had a belief in his own powers; so he sold the idea of recovering to himself. Being an advertising executive, he knew the force of reiteration. Time after time, there-

fore, he spread across the front page of his consciousness this streamer, bold-faced head: "I shall get better!" The result? Just eight months later he was out of bed, sitting up. He now conducts his agency from a chair in his home. He too has written a book voicing his optimism and his belief in himself and he calls it "It Can Be Done." Within six more months the former "hopeless invalid" intends to be walking again; for he is one of the fortunate ones who know that no one is down unless he fails to return fate's punches blow for blow.

The fear-ridden are the people who believe in luck. Every man who holds a big job is accused by them of getting there through luck. All that the successful man has to do is to cultivate a pleasing personality; make himself well liked by others; sow seeds of kindness and good cheer wherever he goes; perform his work better than the "unlucky" man does and render the most and best service possible, regardless of return. Luck does the rest.

When we believe in luck it means that we have not sold ourselves to ourselves, that we do not believe in our own powers. We lack faith. We live too much on the surface and do not have the courage to investigate our real resources. We are like the half-starved dwellers in Oklahoma and Texas a generation ago who struggled so

hard to raise their pitiful crops on the surface of the lands that today yield fortunes in oil. These people did not know the land's worth. They only scratched the surface. We can all strike oil if we do not fear to plow deep enough mentally.

Part Four:

BUDGETING FOR HAPPINESS

Part Four

BUDGETING FOR HAPPINESS

WALK along any street of any city or town and ask fifty people if they are happy. They will probably all say "Yes, of course," for this is an age when it is the style to be happy. The days of enjoying ill health, adversity or other misfortunes are quite out of date. On the surface every one is happy and prosperous. But look your questionee in the eye as if you doubted the affirmative answer, and there will probably follow a reluctant "all but—" There should be no "buts" in happiness, and most of them could be easily remedied if we would only budget our hours and fight the ones that make up the "buts."

"All-buts" are flies in the ointment of perfect happiness. Half the worries of life are imaginary and the other half can be eliminated; for half of what we expect to happen never occurs and what does befall us is seldom as bad as we had feared.

A child is not expected to do any budgeting. Mother says: "You go to school for so many hours, you run out and play for so many hours; you sleep so many hours; I feed you and clothe

you and give you money to spend." School, sleeping, eating, dressing, are usually looked upon by the average child as great trials and quite unnecessary. All the joy of life seems centered in the playing and the spending. It is much like this with grown people. The child is happy all but having to go to school and wash his neck. The adult is happy all but—this, that or the other thing. One man is happy all but having to work so hard; another one would be happy if he only had something to do. One woman is happy except that she has too much housework, another is happy all but the trouble of securing and managing her servants. And so it goes. Everyone has an "all-but" in his life, and it is these "all-buts" that must be budgeted for happiness. No one can solve our particular problem for us, but all problems are governed by the same rules. One of them is—budget our hours and pay for our happiness as we go.

TO PREVENT FADING

IF you ask a child what it needs to be happy it can usually name fifty things without stopping to think or take a breath, but there is always one thing it wants most. In my case it was a white lawn dress with a pink flower in it. Then and all my life I have thought there is nothing prettier or daintier than white dimity or lawn

or taffeta and I can remember how I actually hungered for such a dress.

Then the day came when I got it—a white lawn with a lovely pink flower woven in the fabric—and I was almost beside myself with joy and pride. To make the occasion more memorable I was to go to the county fair with my grandmother, to go where I could be seen in the glory of my new apparel by all my friends and neighbors and in fact by everybody who was anybody in the whole county. So happy was I that I would have spurned without a moment's hesitation the offer of any amount of money for the dress.

When we arrived at the fair an old friend of the family greeted us.

"What a lovely dress," she said to me, and my heart swelled with happiness. And then she ended up, "But the flower will fade."

"Oh, I'm sure it won't," I answered, as my joy left me and I came back to earth with a thud. "They told me it wouldn't."

"Then you'll have to wash it at home very carefully."

The conversation spread a blanket of gloom over my whole day, but from the disappointment I learned a lesson. I washed the dress at home. I always used cold water, hung it up in the shade to dry and ironed it with an iron that was not too hot and the roses kept their lovely color to the very day I discarded the dress.

It taught me that the most prized things we have always are the most delicate and require the most care. The love and friendship of our fellowmen are the most beautiful of all earthly possessions. But they will not hold their charming color under the glare of indifference, the mist of selfishness, the rain of neglect, the hot water of ill humor. They need careful handling and if we do this in the home of our own hearts it will bring happiness into our lives until we are ready to discard those very lives themselves.

MENTAL ASTRONOMY

MY friend's pessimism made her like one of the two men who "looked out 'twixt the prison bars; one saw the mud, the other the stars." Now if the man that sees the mud would only look into the reflections in the puddles that are always adjacent to mud he would see the stars.

Another poet put it this way:

Don't hunt for trouble, but look for success;
You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't shirk;
Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done;
No man sees the shadow who faces the sun.

—E. J. Lowry.

TOLERANCE

LIBERTY is on every tongue, but intolerance is in every heart and where prejudice rules happiness is an exile. We are supposed to be a nation where personal freedom is paramount, yet in our hearts we are just as intolerant as any other nation on earth. We don't boil people in oil if their religion differs from ours; but we do roast them with slander and gossip if their conduct does not meet with our approval. A man can pray in the middle of Times Square if he wants to, but a woman who wears a red hat with a pink dress is without the pale of good society.

Are we young? Then it is certain that we are not tolerant, for youth never is. Are we approaching middle age? Then it is probable that we cannot endure the new ideas of the younger generation. We have lived just enough of our lives to see how wrong everyone else is, and not quite enough to discover that we ourselves may not always be right. Are we old? We are probably tolerant, for we have learned that our way may not be the best way for the other person and that our opinions are sometimes wrong. Almost everyone is tolerant of the intolerance of youth, because we know that the young person has not had time to learn that older persons may sometimes be right and that at the

very least the opinion of an older person should be respected.

Wasn't it Dr. Johnson, the great English scholar, who said, when he saw a man being dragged off to prison, "There, but for the grace of God, go I"? If we would be happy, we must be tolerant of the shortcomings of other people, because:

When you get to know a fellow,
Know his joys and know his cares;
When you've come to understand him,
And the burdens that he bears;
When you learn the fight he's making
And the troubles in his way,
THEN you find that he is different
Than you thought him yesterday.
You will find his faults are trivial and
There's not so much to blame
In the brother that you jeered at
When you only knew his name.

—*Selected.*

ROOFS AND SIDEWALKS

IF the sidewalks of New York could inspire a song hit, why not the roofs of Manhattan a sermon on the subject of tolerance? From my window the sky line is attractive for its very irregularity, and I am glad that the city is not like many in Europe—one dead level of dormers and chimney pots. Yet let me not forget there are those who love the dead level as I love the

high, the middle and the low. The thought comes that our sky line is like our country, a diversity of shapes and heights, representing a diversity of tastes and opinions. It would be impossible to level either. Whose likes and dislikes would govern the selection of some certain roof for a standard? So it is with our mental level. There have been and there will be still more attempts to force the idea of a dead-level mentality upon us, the superdemocratic American people, but it will not succeed. Tolerance, not intolerance, will win out.

Some cannot bear the thought of the dizzy heights of minds and lives on a higher plane than ours. "We are all equal, let us level them down to our plane," we cry. Yes, but how about the lowly lives beneath us? Where is the leveling to end? Are we willing to be leveled, also, in our turn to the humblest plane of existence? Tolerance is the answer. I like a jagged sky line. We have need of both the sea level and the mountain peaks.

HOW I WAS "DONE UNTO"

PEOPLE used to ask me when I was still in the hospital why I did not sit up on the roof with the other patients on pleasant mornings and enjoy the wide view of the city that it afforded. I did it seldom, because in budgeting for happi-

ness I found it best for my own peace of mind not to visit other patients nor receive visits from them. So, to avoid temptation, I avoided the roof. I felt the greatest sympathy with other people, but through experience I have learned that when good patients get together it is not always fair weather but always bad symptoms. The main topic of conversation is apt to be their illness and I did not want to think about, much less talk about, any physical ailment.

Occasionally, however, I did come in contact with a fellow patient and one such meeting I well recall. I was in the hall by an open window, gazing at the hurrying automobiles on Twelfth Street, when I was approached by an old lady whose only recreation seemed to be learning the details of every case in the hospital.

"And what seems to be yer trouble?" she asked me. I resolved to cure her of quizzing me.

"I fell off the top of the Woolworth Building and sprained my ankle," I replied.

"Lord bless me," she gasped with her hands in the air, "that was too bad. And what were ye doin' atop the Woolworth Building?"

"My airplane was wrecked there," I told her, and she left satisfied.

The next day she sauntered into my room and, without even a preliminary, asked, "Are ye a Catholic woman?"

"No, I'm not," I told her.

"Oh, and is that so?" said she in a most disappointed tone, and turned to go. Then at the door she faced me once more as though following a behest of her conscience.

"Well," she said, "there's good an' bad in all classes and I'll pray for ye anyway."

To her might have been inscribed these few lines which I pass on:

Shall I ask the brave soldier
  Who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind,
  If our creed agree?
Shall I give up the friend,
  I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before
  The same altar with me?

—*Anon.*

COWARDS ALL

OF all the things this old world stands in need of, the willingness to live and let live is the greatest. Everyone wants to believe that he possesses that quality, but how few really do! Real tolerance consists not only in bearing with our friends but in being fair to those who are intolerant and unfair to us. Most of us feel that we are open-minded, but we forget that it is hard for an idea to get into our heads if it has to wedge itself in between prejudices.

Yet with tolerance we must also have the cour-

age to protect ourselves. It is hard sometimes for us to choose between preserving our own serenity and hurting the susceptibilities of others. It takes courage to be candid, and courage to understand others when they are candid. Benjamin Franklin put it succinctly when he wrote:

"Men are subject to various inconveniences merely through lack of a small share of courage, which is a quality very necessary in the common occurrences of life as well as in battle. How many impertinences do we daily suffer with great uneasiness because we have not courage enough to discover our dislike!"

Many a business man has endured with a forced smile the loss of a valuable afternoon when he should have been working, rather than hurt the feelings of a long-winded caller by asking to be excused. And then lost sleep that night trying to catch up. We fear to injure their susceptibilities, but they are not so considerate of ours. They injure their friends' characters by forcing them to live a hypocritically grinning lie.

Tolerance is active adjustment, not inactive submission.

MENTAL JAY-WALKING

MOST of the ill-feeling in the world is caused by inability or unwillingness to consider the other fellow's viewpoint. If we are walking we

think hard thoughts about the jay-drivers; if we are riding we find fault with the jay-walkers. Yet walking or riding no one of us is ever so wrong that we haven't got a little bit of right about us and nobody is so right that we can't find a flaw in his thinking. And just because we are thinking one way, we should not accuse the other fellow of jay-thinking. Watch out that we are not the ones who are jay-thinking! Too many of us fail to realize that our viewpoint and that of the other fellow depend largely upon where circumstances place us.

A father, whose son asked him to define the difference between a pedestrian and a jay-walker, said:

"A pedestrian is a person who walks when you are walking; a jay-walker is a person who walks when you are driving." And he might have added that a jay-thinker is one who does not think as we do. Tolerance might—no, positively would—bring harmony and happiness to us both.

As some versemaker philosophizes:

This life's a middlin' crooked trail, and after fifty year
Of knockin' round, I'm free to say th' right ain't always clear;
An' sometimes when I see a chap who seems plumb gone astray
I think, perhaps, he started right but somehow lost his way.

—*Anon.*

TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

TAKE an ordinary high-school girl for example. She yawns, jumps out of bed with a look at the clock and grouches because it is late. And then she grouches some more because she has to hurry. Gee, she wishes there wasn't any such thing as school. Wouldn't it be nice to lie in bed all day and not have to get up to go to classes? Gosh! just her luck, the clock must have been slow, and of course she had to arrive two minutes after the tardy bell has rung. It is the third time this month; five per cent will be taken off her grades for tardiness—and she wasn't to blame.

Then comes a test in Spanish! The teacher is a mean old thing to spring exams when you aren't quite prepared. "Whispering? Why, I wasn't talking, Miss Smith, I was just asking Jeannette for her eraser. Somebody took mine."—"But I can't stay after school for you. I have to stay for Miss White for algebra."—"All right, I'll go down to the principal's office, but I can't see how I was impertinent." And sotto voce, "My, what a grouch she has on this morning!"

Then later at home. "But why can't I go to the movies, Mother? I never have any pleasure at all. Miss Jones gives me such hard music that I have to practice all the afternoon. Then those old teachers pile up the lessons so I have to study

all evening. Nobody seems to want me to have any fun! What! Canned salmon for lunch—and you know I hate it!" This is the last straw. Everybody conspires against her and she is the most abused girl in the world, and she isn't to blame at all! If she would just take a few minutes to watch herself go by, her days would not be so full of grouches. But she, and many more like her, can see only their own viewpoint. She is a jay-thinker and sooner or later she will have to pay the penalty for disregarding the rules of the road.

STEPPING ON THE GAS

"*STEPPING* on the gas" is one way of violating the traffic laws which brings its own punishment. A road sign for jay-drivers caught my eye not long ago. It read: "Fools used to blow out the gas. Now they step on it." It is a warning that we are driving ahead into danger and it goes well with another, "This is a bad hill, but there is a good cemetery at the bottom."

There are lots of ways of stepping on the gas besides doing it in an automobile, and the percentage of fatalities resulting is just as great. There are many of us who are stepping on the gas by working too hard for something that will not count when we get it. We are oblivious to the warnings upon Nature's signposts, but a few

years in a hospital will teach us to read while we are running. There are some who spend more than they earn, and great is the crash thereof. There is the man who neglects his family for business, the woman who neglects hers for social life. There is he who thinks he can get along without prayer, who deludes himself that all his achievements are his own.

Some of us are cultivating friendships that we know are not good. We have seen others dashed to death upon the same curve but we—in our pride—think there is no danger of a skid that will put us in the ditch with those other pitiful wrecks.

Then we are driving through life, stepping on the gas.

CONCERNING PERSPECTIVE

RECENTLY I had a hotel room immediately across the street from one of the largest and most artistic electric signs on Broadway. I admired it greatly, but the brilliance of the lights and their continual movement hurt my eyes and made me nervous. Now I have a room several blocks away. I can still see the sign, I find in it beauties that I never suspected when I was so close to it and it does not pain my eyes to look at it. Trouble and pain are just like this. When we are near them they are almost unendurable,

yet when we look back at them through a vista of several years or many miles we see that they did possess good qualities. They developed courage and patience in us; they brought us proof of the friendship of others; they showed us that perhaps we had been following blind trails of ambition; that we had not had the right perspective on our troubles. Then we saw only the thousand glaring lights that caused us pain; now we see the sign in all its perfect beauty. Happiness cannot be attained if our perspective is wrong.

The life philosophy of one of America's most successful showmen is based upon perspective. From my window I can see at 46th Street and Broadway a large billboard bearing a lithograph reading "Martin Beck's Theatre." I never see it without recalling the day, years ago, when I went to Mr. Beck for advice about something bothering me. His reply was, "Whenever you find yourself standing right up against a stone wall, don't stand there so close that the wall flattens your nose—but take a step back so that you can see how high it is and how far you'll have to retreat in order to run and jump to scale it."

Later he became president of the Orpheum Circuit of theatres, but he still had his life's ambition before him. It was to own a New York theatre. He built one, the Palace, the finest of its kind in the United States and perhaps in the world, since anything he does he does thoroughly and

artistically. But it was not the one he wanted and, though people wondered at his step, his perspicacity and farsightedness induced him to turn over its management to his business partners and associates. He knew what he was doing. He was practicing his own philosophy—just stepping back to take his run and jump before reaching his goal, just formulating plans for the big theatre which now bears his name.

Having perspective he was able to see the goal he was trying for; to gauge the obstacles in his way and then devise means to hurdle them.

IF YOU LOVE YOUR FRIENDS

FRIENDSHIP cannot be bounded by rules, but there are a few of them that will help us to keep friends. These are:

Don't leave too much to be taken for granted. If we love our friends, we should tell them so occasionally. It is always a pleasant thing to hear, even if they are sure of our affection.

Remember the time in our own experience when some friend seemed distant and we wondered whether we had offended. Perhaps she was pre-occupied with some trouble of her own, but a word of affection or some little demonstration of love would have dissipated our doubts and had we understood we would have been quick with our sympathy.

We should not be afraid to go three-quarters of the way toward a reconciliation with a friend with whom we have had a misunderstanding. It's a much bigger thing to do than to stand back because of false pride and stubbornness. It is the road of self-respect. Many a dear friendship has been broken because some word or action was misunderstood and has never been renewed because "pride" would not allow either to make the first advance, when one word would have mended matters in no time. We should not allow ourselves to lack the courage to be the one to say that word.

The anonymous prose poet who wrote the following lines must have suffered, at one time or another, the loss of a friend.

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness, speaking approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for those coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

"If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my body, I would much rather they would bring them out

in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need it. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

"Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit, flowers at the last ceremony cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

Imagine a world without friends! Think what it would be:

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each every minute looked after himself and good things all went to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me,
And we all stood alone in the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be.

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share.
We want to live on, not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that, all life's splendor depends.
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

—*Selected.*

YOUR CHARGE ACCOUNT

OFTENTIMES people wonder just how these discretely expensive little shops, tucked away in odd corners, manage to exist. The answer is —charge accounts, which are really just concrete evidences of commercial friendships. Without credit there would be very little business transacted anywhere and there is hardly a person that does not have a charge account somewhere.

Not long ago there sat by my side a gentleman who congratulated me sincerely on my returning health. My reply was that I really should be felicitated on having been ill in the first place, and allowed to recover in the second; that it had actually been a double blessing. During the conversation he confided to me that he was undergoing a most unhappy period due to an estrangement from one of the members of his family, and how he wished the whole misunderstanding could be wiped away. Then it was I asked him if he had a charge account.

"A dozen," was his answer. "I could not do business without them."

"You liquidate your accounts every month?" I asked.

"Absolutely. Otherwise my credit would not be good for very long."

He recognized every obligation of credit, for

he is a good business man and good business men are honest and punctilious. He knew that if he saw an automobile and was induced to purchase it, sooner or later he would have to give something in payment for it. He could not have the car and his money also, and without giving the matter any thought he realized that such an arrangement was perfectly equitable. But he was unprepared for my next question.

"Have you ever thought of opening a charge account with God?"

He had never definitely considered God as the source of human happiness and blessings; nor that in return for what God gives us we must give something in payment. He had not until then caught the idea that only by giving of our love generously and without stint can we merit the love of others.

As we talked I told him of the time when I was working on a Chicago newspaper and as a matter of convenience opened a charge account with a department store. For the first three months I paid my bills promptly when they were rendered. The fourth month I was out of the city on an assignment and did not return for several weeks. When I did get back I found a rather curt letter on my desk from the credit man of the store asking me to kindly remit. Then it was I realized that God was the most lenient creditor I had. My account with the store was but a few weeks

overdue, and I had been dunned. My bill with God had stood for years and He was still patiently waiting for me to pay something on account. I knew of course that I could never redeem the principal, but at least I could have paid the interest promptly.

One of the reasons for my recovery, I am sure, is the charge account I have with God. I knew that He would give me what I needed when I needed it and I knew that it would not be shopworn or a second. I knew that He cared for my interests, but I realized, too, that I must give Him something in return. And for loving a great many people He has sent me a great many people to love me. He has given me returning health, the strength to write a book, the friends to help me sell it. My charge account with God has not been unavailing.

TOO MUCH FOR OUR WHISTLES

WHEN our grandmothers learned to read, they also were fed philosophy at the same time. The old "First," "Second" and "Third" Readers packed away on a high shelf always fascinated me. There was a story in one of them of a boy who paid too much for his whistle. Instead of trying to get something for nothing on a charge account, he had been overgenerous. Not long ago a real little boy paid with his life for

trying to grasp a nickel that he saw lying in a subway grating just beyond his reach. The grating gave way and he fell to his death.

The whole town was stirred with pity for the child. Customers quoted the story with a warning to the little bootblacks of Union Square who shined their shoes. Governesses, playing ball with their charges in Riverside Drive, cautioned the children about the dangers of the subway, using the little boy's fate as a lesson.

Everyone was moved with compassion for this one lad's martyrdom, yet each day sees hundreds of people surrendering a precious heritage for things as trifling as the nickel. This precious heritage is health. Every day people burn themselves out using their utmost energy for the present round of business and pleasure instead of husbanding it jealously for the future.

John Wanamaker in one of his editorial squibs commented on the fact that he had seen a steam roller laid up over Sunday to rest. Successful man that he was, he had realized that even people who have an iron constitution like a steam roller have to relax once in a while and let Nature have a chance to replenish the fuel.

I, myself, am as classic a moral for this story as the fox who dropped the bone he had in his mouth to plunge after the reflected one he saw in the water. I was straining so hard after every

bit of life that I never gave a thought to rest. Consequently I rested flat on my back for four weary years.

My budgeting for happiness was badly balanced. I did not realize that it is better to rest for a little while than to run the risk of resting for always.

A FEW WHAT NOTS

HAPPINESS is made up of a little bit here and a little bit there and a little more some other place and time. But like a good novel or play or mural painting or symphony there is a theme running all through these separate and distinct parts of our happiness that welds them into one noble and enduring structure. If we are inconsistent in our search for happiness we will find only an incomplete sample if we find it at all. Jack George wrote in fun the essay on inconsistency below, but as with all good jests there is a pathetic truth underlying it.

"Mother gets so tired of the same old furniture in the same old rooms and the same old dishes in the same old kitchen that she takes a few hours off now and then and rearranges her keepsakes in the old trunk in the attic, the same trunk she took on her wedding tour. She will dust off the piece of her wedding cake that is

wrapped up in a piece of her bridal veil. And she will kiss the little pair of baby shoes wrapped up in the tiny baby cap. And she will get out the tintypes of father taken the day they were married. And she will have a good cry and kiss the tintypes.

"Then she will go downstairs and when father comes home to supper she will give him the devil because he didn't wipe his shoes on the mat."

DO UNTO YOURSELF

WE are all fed up on the Golden Rule. We learned it in childhood and we probably think that we have been practicing it ever since. The complications of our modern life make an amendment highly desirable—an amendment to be kept, not one to be broken. Do unto yourself as the other fellow expects you to do unto him. In general other people are more generous to us than we are to ourselves. They treat us with more fairness than we treat ourselves. If we are working for a man and are not happy the chances are that he will remedy our grievance if he possibly can. He will try to take the "all-but" out of our relations with him. Do we try to remove the "all-buts" in our own life?

Do we try to make ourselves see the beauty of life? Do we try to make ourselves more tolerant

and in this way increase our own happiness? Do we always blame the unpleasantness on the other fellow when it is perhaps our own fault? Do we ever sit down, take account of stock, see which of our hours are happy and which are miserable? Do we ever really try to make ourselves happier? Do we do things for ourselves to make ourselves happy, like taking ourselves to a movie or buying ourselves something we like to eat or wear? Do we ever stop to think how selfish we are, how unkind we are to others to let ourselves be unhappy? We budget our income—so much for rent, so much for clothes, so much for food, etc., but do we budget our lives and set apart so much time for work, so much time for play, so much for helping other people, so much for improving our minds and so much for making ourselves happy?

DO UNTO OTHERS

AFTER we have done a little for ourselves we will be better able to do something for others, and we will know how inspiring it is. Carlyle Tahlsworth Shaub says:

> "If with pleasure you are viewing
> Any work a man is doing;
> If you like him, or you love him,
> Tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation
Till the parson makes oration,
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it,
He won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops
You have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

"More than fame and more than money
Is comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor,
And makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit
To the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it,
If you like him let him know it,
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over,
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead."

GATE CRASHERS OF LIFE

HAVE you bought and paid for your ticket to Happyland? Or are you trying to "crash the gate"? From time to time we need a mental house-cleaning to see exactly what is on our pantry shelves and what we need to stock up on. Perhaps we have a full jar of good intentions; a carton of courage; a can of self-re-

liance; a bottle of fighting; plenty of common sense, but are a little low in self-respect.

With these supplies we are fully equipped to "crash the gate," but if we enlarge our supply of self-respect we will see that "crashing the gate" is a mighty poor way to get to Happyland. We may feel smart (we are) after passing the ticket taker; but do we feel proud? We have cheated, and if we are honest we realize it. It takes just as much courage, often more, to do a wrong thing as it does to do a right one. But sometimes we get the erroneous idea that it is easier just to try to slip in than to go in with our head in the air. The road of least resistance usually ends in a blockade.

As Lincoln said, "You can't fool all the people all the time," and if we get past the gate without paying our admission fee someone besides ourselves is going to find it out. Then comes the time of reckoning—we either have to go back and pay the regular price or we are taken back and not allowed to enter again. There are lots of gates that we are tempted to try to crash—wealth, social position, authority, success, love. The gate of health cannot be crashed. Nature cannot be cheated. She is the most just and patient mistress in the world, but she makes us pay for everything she gives us.

All of us know people who are trying to get into Happyland by climbing over the fence instead

of coming in through the front door. They are the Gate Crashers of Life. They are the people who are willing to take all of the sweets of life but complain bitterly at reverses. They think fate is cruel to them and prate about "There is no God or that could not have happened to me. What have I done that I should be so sorely tried?"

There are the boys and girls whose parents work hard to put them through high school and college and who develop a chronic grouch when they finish and find out that the possession of a degree does not entitle them to start at the top of the ladder.

There are the men and women who are not content to build up a big success out of little things well done but must wait for that one big stroke of luck that will suddenly put them on top of the pile.

Some people hastily hide their religion or their nationality in their family skeleton closet if they fear their beliefs or their ancestry will be a detriment to social or business success. They are the most despicable type of gate crashers. They are denying their mother, their God and their country.

Others attempt to gain their ends through flattery. Some try to do it by lying. Others attempt to make might take the place of right. We meet them everywhere, the people who are trying to get into the right place the wrong way.

There are only two requisites for a voting residence in Happyland. One is sincerity in thought, word and action. And the other is doing everything we do in the very best way we can do it.

If we cheat on sleeping, eating, resting, and try to crash into Happyland with a strained and overworked body, Nature will catch us and send us back—I know. She caught me. I tried to crash the gate and she charged me years of inactivity and suffering. We cannot get anything worth while for nothing, and on the other hand there isn't anything we want that we can't get if we have the price and are willing to pay for it. Perhaps some of us may not be able to buy yachts and country estates, but the most valuable thing in the world is within reach of us all. It is Happiness, a commodity that the law of supply and demand does not seem to govern. The cost of production is low and there is always a market for it. It is surprising that more of us do not set up in the business of producing it.

The formula for its manufacture is simple. All we have to do is to perform our duties to the best of our abilities—this means *do,* not *don't,* and is a positive, not a negative, condition of mind; spend less than we make; invest our surplus wisely; and lend a hand to our fellowmen. Everyone can pay for the ingredients and make his own share of Happiness.

THE END

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